

# The Sketch.



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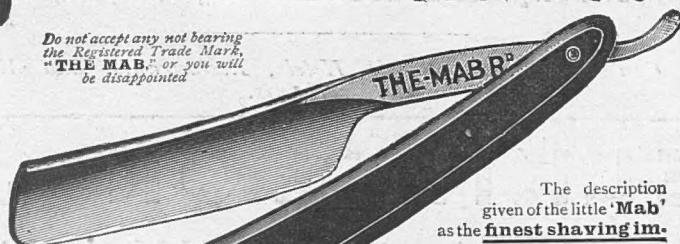
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# The Sketch

No. 996.—Vol. LXXVII.

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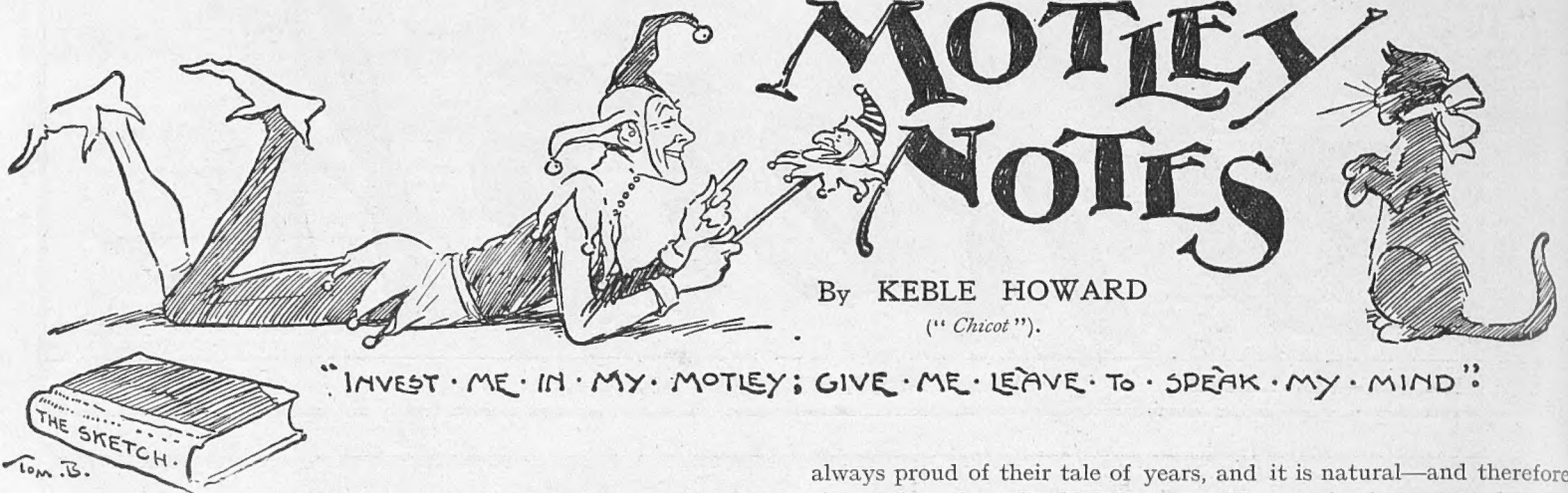
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Princess Patricia, whose recent triumphal progress in the United States will be recalled, is exceedingly popular in the great Dominion—is, indeed, a veritable Princess of Canada. She will be twenty-six on the seventeenth of March.—[*Photograph by Lallie Charles.*]



### Punishing a Critic.

I am always amused when I hear of a critic being refused admission to a theatre on the occasion of the production of a new play—or the revival of an old one. It reminds me of an experience of my own during the three-and-a-half years when I happened to be the dramatic critic of a fairly well-known London morning paper.

Somehow or another, I had managed to offend a very rich and prosperous actor-manager. The offending notice did him no harm; on the contrary, he made another huge fortune out of the play that had seemed to me, at the first performance—the only performance to which I was invited—rather childish.

When his next production came along, I was staying down at Margate. The weather was perfect, the air clean and bracing, and I was in excellent company. A professional repertory company was appearing at the Theatre Royal in a well-known drama. On Saturday morning, very early, the manager of the company dashed into my bedroom and said—

“One of our men has been taken suddenly ill. Will you play his part to-night?”

“I’d love it,” I replied, “but I must be in town to-night. There’s a new production.”

“Oh, but can’t you get out of it, somehow? Telephone to the office and say you’re ill.”

This seemed a good notion, and I rang up the office.

“Could you possibly cover my work to-night?” I pleaded. “My cold is much better, but, if I could stay here till Monday, I’m sure—”

“Don’t worry,” came the reply. “You haven’t been asked to that show.”

My revenge on the profession was awful. I remained at Margate and appeared that night at the Theatre Royal.

### The Gleeful Critic.

Some critics, I suppose, would not wreak such a fearful vengeance. In point of fact, there is no reason why they should wreak vengeance at all. I found it a great relief to be excluded from a theatre. I drew my salary just the same, and had an evening in morning clothes. The other fellows were sitting out a “costume” drama—a form of entertainment that tires the critic exceedingly—and I thought of them rushing off at eleven-fifteen to write a thousand words or so of jolly, entertaining stuff. Unless you have been a critic on a morning daily, you do not know what a fag it is to write a thousand words or so of jolly, entertaining stuff; still less do you know what a relief it is to be excluded, now and again, from the theatre. It happens to all dramatic critics in turn—at least, to all those who occasionally allow their mental irritation to betray itself on paper. The ideal critic, I suppose, should have no sensibilities. He should be able to witness the most glaring errors of taste with a placid smile upon his face. In the case of such a critic, however, it is doubtful whether his notices would help his paper.

### The Old Sin.

I understand that Mr. Hastings Macdonald has written a play to expound the theory that it is a sin to go on living if your death would benefit other people. He calls his play, “The New Sin.” Why “new,” I wonder? People have committed this sin, so far as we know, from the beginning of all things. Methuselah cheated his heirs for a long, long time. I wonder if he knew that he was committing a sin by living nine hundred years or so? I expect he did not. I should not be surprised to hear that the old man gloried in the fact. Old people are

always proud of their tale of years, and it is natural—and therefore right—that they should be proud. Nature, for her own sake, has implanted in the human breast the strong desire to go on living. What a morbid crowd we should be if we went around wondering whether we had any right to be alive. Or we might take to writing little notes to our relatives, such as the following—

DEAR HARRY,—How are you to-day? I am very well, but it has struck me that perhaps you would prefer me to be dead. If you would, just drop me a line, or ring me up any time after dinner, and I will do my best to oblige you.—Yours penitently, JOHN.

No, Mr. Macdonald. You may get audiences for your play, and I hope you will, but you won’t get a single disciple for your creed outside the asylums or the people who ought to be in asylums. And I hope that you are not feeling guilty yourself of the new sin.

### A Nation under Canvas.

It is good news that the Secretary for War will insert in the Estimates of the forthcoming year the necessary provision for the extension of the issue of separation allowance—hitherto restricted to the non-commissioned officers of the Territorial Force—to all married privates who attend camp for the full period of fifteen days.

But I do not quite see why he should stop at that point. If the wives and families of regular soldiers are allowed to live in barracks, why should not the wives and families of Territorials be allowed to live fifteen days under canvas? I make this suggestion in all seriousness. It costs very little to keep people under canvas. The Secretary for War would find it almost, if not quite, as cheap. The women and children would get the enormous benefit of fifteen days in the open air under the jolliest conditions of life known to man. There is nothing to beat life in camp, given decent weather, for health and jollity. The boys, of course, would be Boy Scouts, and the girls would be Girl Scouts, and the mothers would stroll about with their babies and enjoy life. The women would not cook, because the men must learn to cook; that is part of their training. The men must also learn to make their own beds and mend their own uniforms. The mothers, for those splendid fifteen days, would do nothing at all but idle.

I earnestly commend the notion to the Secretary for War, though I doubt whether it will be popular with the landladies of seaside towns.

### Rebuking the Vicar.

The Vicar of St. Peter’s, Brockley, has been addressing his parishioners on the subject of marriage. He holds that every man should marry as soon as he can. He offers to keep a register of girls willing to take husbands, and the incomes those girls require their husbands to possess. “The men would then know,” he added, according to the newspaper report before me, “who are the £300 girls, the £350, and the £400 a year girls, and know in which section to look.”

If the Vicar succeeds in compiling his register, I am afraid he will be laying up a lot of trouble for his flock. In the first place, he will be robbing the young men with incomes of their self-respect. They will know that the young women who accept them have ascertained their income, and said to themselves, “That will do.” Fancy being accepted only because your income would do!

Then there is another objection. As one feminine critic pointed out: “It depends upon who the man is. I might be disposed to marry one man at £300, while I should want £500 with another.” Possibly some she might not take at any price. But perhaps the whole thing is a joke. I sincerely hope so, for the future of Brockley.



# "JULIUS CÆSAR" AT OXFORD: THE O.U.D.S. PERFORMANCE.



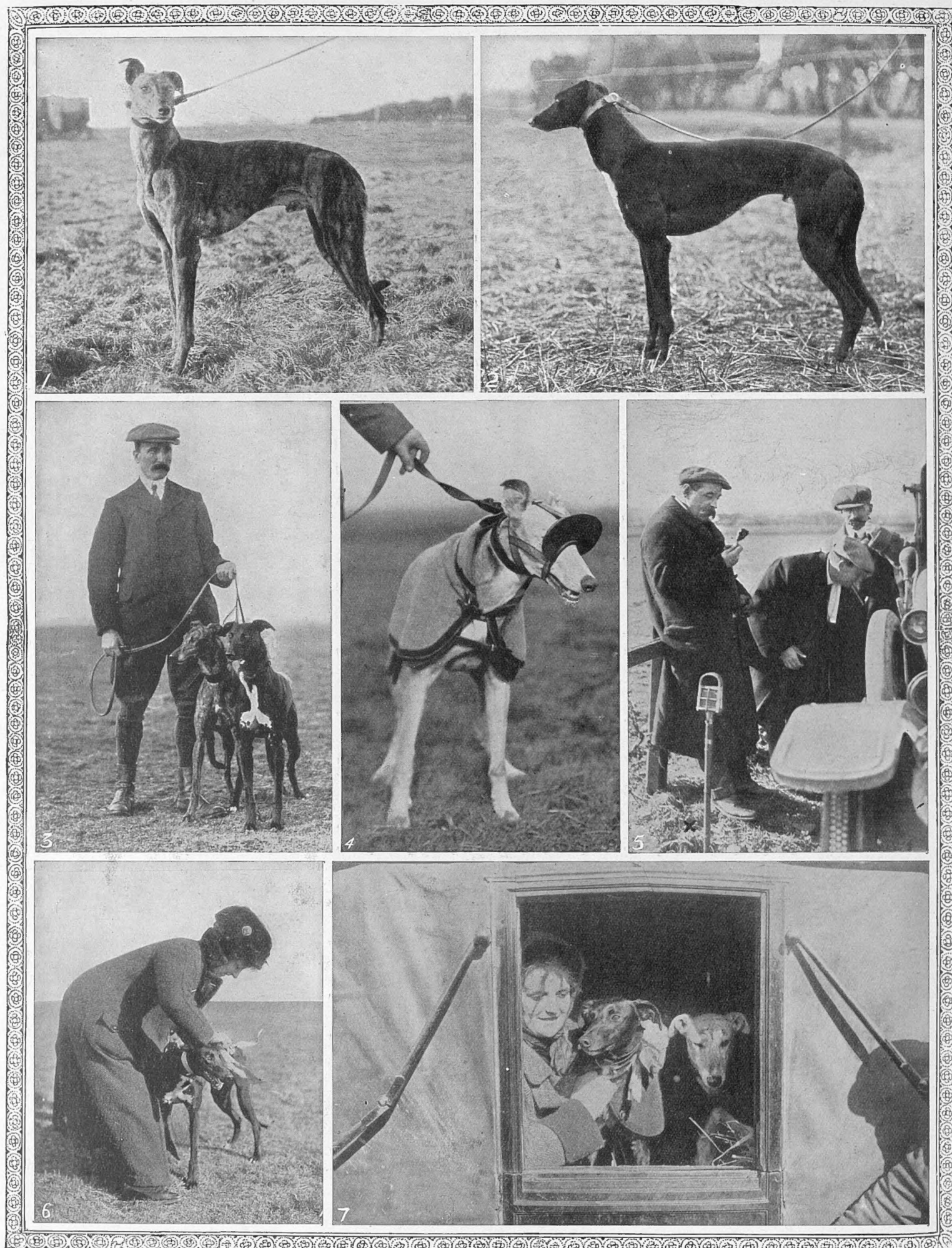
1. WITHIN BRUTUS' HOUSE. PRID: ID: MAR:  
 2. MR. M. FORTESCUE-BRICKDALE (CHRIST CHURCH) AS MARCUS BRUTUS.  
 3. MISS MARION BENN AS PORTIA, WIFE TO BRUTUS.

4. MISS DOROTHY PIDCOCK AS CALPURNIA, WIFE TO CÆSAR.  
 5. MR. P. GUEDALLA (BALLIOL) AS MARCUS ANTONIUS.  
 6. THE CURIA IN POMPEY'S PORTICO. ID: MAR:

The O.U.D.S. presented "Julius Cæsar" at the New Theatre, Oxford, from Feb. 14 to 20, with matinées on the 17th and the 19th; and did so with much success. The cast was as follows—Julius Cæsar, C. K. Allen (New College); Octavius Cæsar, C. C. Maltby (Worcester); Marcus Antonius, P. Guedalla (Balliol); Cicero, H. Talbot-Rice (Christ Church); Publius, H. W. Cook (Christ Church); Popilius Lena, Hon. G. St. V. Harris (Christ Church); Marcus Brutus, M. F. Brickdale (Christ Church); Cassius, G. C. Faber (Christ Church); Casca, G. M. Gwyther (New College); Trebonius, G. S. Cope (New College); Caius Ligarius, W. L. Harrild (Oriel); Decius Brutus, G. F. Newton (Lincoln); Metellus Cimbri, J. G. Reid (Brasenose); Cinna, S. J. Van Den Bergh (Balliol); Flavius and Marullus (tribunes), Count J. de Salis (Balliol), and G. T. Pearson (Worcester); Artemidorus of Cnidos, A. N. S. Jackson (Brasenose); A Soothsayer, A. C. Boulton (Christ Church); Cinna (a Poet), C. R. Eddison (University); Another Poet, T. E. Lowinsky (Trinity); Messala, F. S. Laskey (Oriel); Lucilius, E. G. Sebastian (University); Titinius, N. W. Curran (Worcester); Volumnius, W. Houstoun-Boswall (New College); Pindarus, J. C. Bruce (Trinity); Clitus, G. Hopkins (Balliol); Strato, W. O. P. Rosedale (Lincoln); Dardanius, F. E. Hill (Brasenose); Servant to Cæsar, Sir E. Naylor-Leyland, Bt. (Christ Church); Servant to Octavius, K. F. Mackenzie (Trinity); Servant to Antony, E. G. Sebastian (University); A Messenger, D. G. Murray (New College); Four Citizens, W. O. P. Rosedale, C. C. Maltby, F. E. Hill, L. F. Urwick; Lucius, Miss E. Domville; Calpurnia (wife to Cæsar), Miss Dorothy Pidcock; and Portia (wife to Brutus) Miss Marion Benn.—[Photographs by Hills and Saunders.]



## WON BY A 25-GUINEA 1000-TO-25 DOG: THE WATERLOO CUP.



1. THE RUNNER-UP: MR. F. ALEXANDER'S ADVERSARY.

2. THE WINNER: MR. E. L. TOWNSHEND'S TIDE TIME.

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4. BLINKERED THAT HE MIGHT NOT SEE THE HARES BEFORE HIS ROUND: A WATERLOO CUP COMPETITOR.

5. THE OWNER OF THE WINNER LUNCHING HURRIEDLY ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE: MR. E. L. TOWNSHEND (X).

6. HONOURED BY HIS TRAINER'S SISTER: TIDE TIME RECEIVES A BLUE RIBBON AT THE HANDS OF MISS WRIGHT.

7. AFTER THE VICTORY: THE BLUE-RIBBONED TIDE TIME WITH HIS TRAINER'S SISTER.

The Waterloo Cup proved an unexpected win for Mr. E. L. Townshend's Tide Time (by Friendly Foe—Fast Waves), nominated by Mr. J. W. Fullerton. 1000 to 25 was taken against the dog on the Tuesday night, and he was bought, an April puppy, for 25 guineas. He has been trained by Mr. Harold Wright. The betting for the deciding course was five to four on Tide Time.—[Photographs by Topical, Illustrations Bureau, and Sport and General.]



## MUSICAL BY MESMERISM: LA SVENGALI.



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February 28, 1912.

Signature.....

## ADJACENT TO RURITANIA.

"The Shoe of a Horse."

By CHRISTOPHER STONE.  
(Chatto and Windus.)

A suggestive little phrase from R. L. Stevenson appears on Mr. Stone's title-page, and more than once in the course of the story there occurs a note of the whimsical or fantastic humour which went to "The New Arabian Nights." When grown-ups want to sit down to a game of make-believe, they couldn't do it better than with a story like this. Paria, which appears on a map made by Mr. E. F. Chinnery, "who, it should be remarked, has never been to Paria," must be adjacent to Ruritania. The Parians speak a language that is really little more than a French patois, and the young Englishman who went there to visit his Aunt Elizabeth (who had eloped with, and subsequently married, a Count of the country), had a stirring time of revolutionary adventure. "Why don't you go to Paria?" his friend had suggested. "Chamois, wild duck to any extent, probably some bears and any amount of 'various.' Glorious scenery, wild peasants, lots of mild amusement. If you get bored, trek back to Nevasti and go to the opera." The friend did not overstate the case, especially with regard to the "various." As for getting bored—between unwilling Pretenders, generals disguised as valets, excursions, alarms, and a love "precarious, perilous, idealised and precious," there was no need for Nevasti and the opera.

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## THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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### The British Club in Paris.

I am glad to read that the British Club on the Boulevard Malesherbes in Paris, which has just held its annual meeting, is flourishing. It is the one purely British club in the French capital, for the Travellers' Club, which has its home in the Hôtel de Paiva, in the Avenue des Champs Elysées, is a club of mixed nationalities, America and England predominating. The British Club in Paris has had many homes, and varied fortunes. It began its life in the Grand Hotel. Then it moved to rooms on the Boulevard des Capucines, and from there went on to the Rue de l'Acarde before it settled down in its present attractive premises not a stone's-throw from the Madeleine. One of its advantages is that it has a certain number of bedrooms for the use of its members.

### The Shilling Dinner.

The £400 a year which every Member of Parliament now draws is not without its drawbacks, for every man who writes M.P. after his name is expected now, on account of the great wealth which has come to him, to pay subscriptions for which he was never dunned before, and to expend in his constituency a great deal more than the Government pays him. One of the minor drawbacks to the pay given by the Government to Members of Parliament is that the one-shilling dinner in the House of Commons dining-room is about to be raised to a higher price. It has been of late years the most wonderful dinner for the sum to be obtained anywhere in the world, and no club could compete with the House at those rates. Choice of four joints, vegetables, sweets, and cheese, biscuits, bread-and-butter, formed an admirable meal, and there is little wonder that, despite a subsidy of £2000, the dining-rooms have shown a yearly deficiency of nearly £1500. Even at one-and-fourpence or one-and-sixpence this dinner cannot be matched in any club in London, and all the materials are of the very best.

### An Anglo-German Entente.

That Lord Haldane's journey to Berlin may mark the commencement of pleasanter intercourse between Britons and Germans, I and many clubmen like me very earnestly hope. Should the feeling between Germany and our country remain in the strained state it

success of a holiday, and going and coming he would probably find himself the object of more attention than would be desirable.

### July Last Year.

Last year in July, just at the time that relations were most strained between Germany and England, I was at a German watering-place, but experienced no inconvenience of any kind, and the only sign, except what I read in the papers, of the tense feeling was that quite a number of officers of the German Reserve who happened to be at this particular watering-place were recalled at the shortest possible notice to their regiments. But in July the feeling against England had not risen to boiling heat. The so-called disclosures which were used for election purposes before the Reichstag was brought together, and the spymania, brought all the latent ill-feeling to the front. Men who have been in Berlin during the past few months tell me that the attitude of the Germans towards English people has very visibly changed, and when one goes abroad for one's pleasure one does not go amongst the people ready to show a dislike to Englishmen.



PREPARING TO FIGHT GEORGES CARPENTIER IN MONACO: JIM SULLIVAN TAKING MORNING EXERCISE ON THE PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS, NICE.

It is arranged that Jim Sullivan and Georges Carpentier shall box in the exhibition grounds of the Condamine at Monaco to-morrow, Feb. 29, for the championship of Europe and a purse of 1800 sovereigns, given by the International Sporting Club of Monaco.—[Photograph by Navello.]

### The Fire at the Windham.

One day last week I was horrified to see many fire-engines outside the Windham Club in St. James's Square, and I feared that the best of the dining clubs might be in danger of being burnt to the ground. It was nothing more serious, however, than a little outburst caused by the fusing of an electric wire. The Windham has always boasted an admirable chef, and though one dines well at many clubs, one dines best of all in the quiet old house in St. James's Square. The members always say that the stranger dining at their club is better treated than they are themselves, but this, I fancy, is only true in so far that the strangers' room is nearer the kitchen than the members' dining-room, and the nearer the fire the better the dinner-table.

### The Chinese New Year.

The new flag of five colours—red, yellow, blue, white, and black—has been hoisted above the Chinese Embassy in Portland Place. From now on the Chinese year will commence at the same time as does ours, and the Chinaman will allow himself his one holiday of the year at the time that all Europeans are also making holiday.



"MR. SIM. IAN HAS GONE TO THE RIVIERA FOR A SHORT HOLIDAY": HE ROLLER-SKATES!

Photographs by Underwood and Underwood.



A MUCH-DISCUSSED VISITOR TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE: A STRANGE CYCLIST.

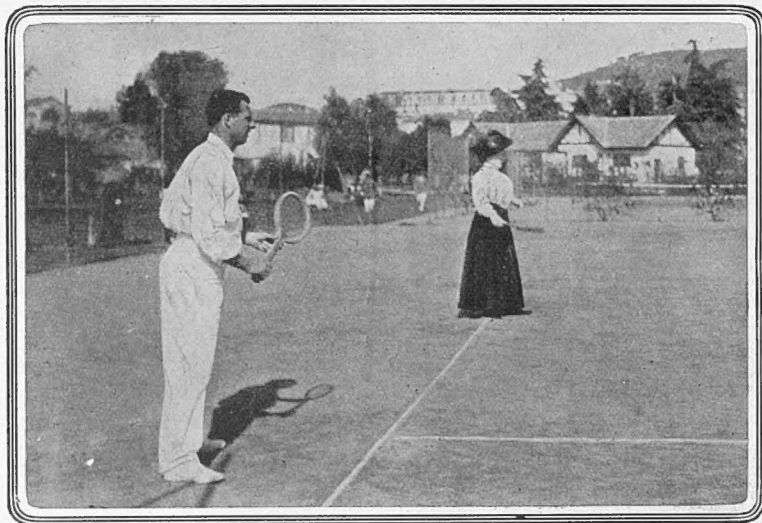
has been in of late, many men who, like myself, take a summer holiday in Germany for choice, will think it wiser and pleasanter to go to some other country where every Englishman is not looked at as a possible spy. No doubt life at Homburg or Wiesbaden would remain for an Englishman very much as it always has been, no matter how strained the feeling between the countries might be, but though a Briton at the watering-places of Germany might not feel any very great inconvenience, it would not be easy for him to make those pleasant little excursions which add so much to the

A Chinaman goes holiday-making very thoroughly. Before the New Year comes in he buys new clothes, and gets in all debts owing to him in order to have a comfortable sum of spending money. For the week that his holiday lasts he does no work, feasts, attends theatrical performances, and lets off many crackers. The letting-off of these crackers under the nose of a high-spirited horse often brings about a strong difference of opinion between John Chinaman and the white man in those British colonies where the Chinese have established a settlement.





# SMALL TALK



COUNTESS AND CHAMPION AS PARTNERS: COUNTESS TORBY AND  
• MR. A. F. WILDING PLAYING LAWN-TENNIS ON THE RIVIERA.

Photograph by Fleet.

THE relaxation in regard to Court mourning might lead one to expect a corresponding disregard of Lenten observances. The young woman who, while related (and not distantly related) to Royalty, received her guests at luncheon last week with a black band round her arm as her only recognition of the Court bereavement is not likely to wear ashes and sackcloth during Lent. But, for all that, there is a distinct pause: a little outburst of dances will soon come as if to prove that Society memories are too short for



AT A MEET OF LORD MIDDLETON'S: PRINCE ARTHUR  
OF CONNAUGHT CHATTING TO LADY MIDDLETON.

Last Thursday Prince Arthur of Connaught had an accident while out with the Sinnington Hounds at North Holme, Yorkshire. Fortunately, he was not seriously hurt, though severely shaken.—[Photograph by H. Abrahams.]

so long a season of severity and sacrifice. Then, after this little relenting, will come another pause. Lady Francis Cecil waits, of course, till after Easter for her dance at the Ritz for her daughter, and in some circles "after Easter" is taken for granted as a clause in all engagements.

Coals. Never, it was complained by those who take no count of Lenten abstinences, has there been such a paucity of dance fixtures for March. The suggestion that the threat of a coal strike is the reason was manifestly absurd. But the word went round, coal was the excuse, and American women, who declare we use none worth speaking

dawning upon those who are more or less unaware of the dates of the ecclesiastical year. And the American women in London smile a bitterly cold smile at the notion that any coal strike could upset the spring season. "We at least try," they say; "but you don't pretend that you keep your houses warm, even when there is no notion of a coal famine." The author of this caustic comment, who confesses that she knows of only one country establishment in England where she can safely visit for a winter week-end, says, indeed, a thing rather strange to English ears, but entirely commonplace to Americans. Among London hostesses who, because they are Americans, have been taking special



WATCHING PIGEON-SHOOTING:  
LORD LANESBOROUGH.

His Lordship is the seventh Earl of a creation which dates from 1756, and, as Baron of Newtown-Butler, bears a title which is forty-one years older. The first Baron fought as a Royalist in the Civil War. Lord Lanesborough was Assistant Military Secretary to the Duke of Connaught when his Royal Highness was Commander-in-Chief on the Mediterranean, and was Military Secretary to Earl Grey in 1909. He served in South Africa during the war.—[Photograph by Navello.]

precautions in view of scarcity of coal are Lady Hadfield (whose husband has lately rented 28, Carlton House Terrace), Princess Hatzfeldt, Mrs. J. J. Astor, Mrs. Slocum, and an unusually large number of other women exiled from the Eden of central heating.

Labels and Tables. To book to Cannes, San

Remo, Mentone, and even Bordighera is a polite way of going to Monte Carlo. Nobody (and nobody includes Mr. Balfour) visits any of those places without making an excursion into the principality of Monaco. Yet how few portmanteaux, comparatively, come back to town bearing the labels of the Tableland. Last week Lord Northbrook watched with a complacent eye his bags being so marked, while friends booked to adjacent stations.



AT CANNES GOLF CLUB: MR. BALFOUR, LADY KINNOULL, LORD KINNOULL  
AND COMMANDER SIR SEYMOUR FORTESCUE.

Photograph by Fleet.



ON THE STEPS OF THE CASINO AT MONTE CARLO: THE EARL OF MAR AND KELLIE  
AND MR. UNDERWOOD FRENCH.

The twelfth Earl of Mar and Kellie is the Premier Viscount and Premier Baron of Scotland, and has been a Representative Peer for Scotland since 1892. He is Hon. Colonel of the 7th Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, Chairman of the Clackmannan County Council, and President of the County Territorial Association. Mr. French was the first Englishman to buy property in the Principality, and lives there in one of the largest of its villas, which he built some thirty years ago.

Photograph by Navello.

of in our private houses, smiled. That the paucity of March dances is due not so much to coal as to ashes—the ashes of Ash Wednesday and the season it inaugurated—is only now



## ROLLER FIGURE - SKATERS: RINKERS AT HOLLAND PARK.



1. MRS. MOORE.

2. MRS. VANTO-EVANS.

3. MISS MILLER.

4. THE HON. MRS. CHARLES TUFTON.

5. MISS G. LODGE AND MR. D. RESTA.

6. "THE LADY IN THE GREEN JERSEY."

7. MISS MILLER AND MR. P. J. ZURCHER.

8. MR. D. RESTA.

9. "THE LADY IN THE GREEN JERSEY" AND MR. D. RESTA.

"The Sketch" presents portraits of well-known roller-skaters who pursue their graceful sport at the Holland Park Rink, a most fashionable resort, especially on Sundays. Photograph No. 2 shows the Forward Inside; No. 3, the Outside Forward Spiral; No. 5, the Double Outside Forward Edge; No. 7, the Outer Edge Forward; No. 9, the Inside Back. "The Lady in the Green Jersey" is a well-known member of the Olympia Skating Club and a winner of many prizes for figure and fancy skating. Mr. D. Resta is the Honorary Secretary of the Roller Figure-Skating Club, and a Gold Medallist of the N.S.A.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]





By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

SO far the net result of the Chinese revolution appears to be that silk and tea will be cheaper and billycock hats dearer than before. The dearer billycock hats get, the better, for the sight of a Chinaman in one of them is the real Yellow Terror.

Half the bath-rooms in London are now filled with coal in anticipation of the strike. There! The architects were quite right when they said that these places would come in useful some day.

Two hundred men on the U.S. battleship *Vermont* have been placed in irons and forcibly vaccinated, because they are conscientious objectors. We know that America is the Land of the Free, but there is not enough freedom going about for disease-germs. That sort of freedom is only allowed in effete old England.



Leap Year lasts only until Feb. 29, and when March begins Mere Man resumes the initiative.)

If I can get over to-morrow,  
That grim and nefastuous day,  
Without being made, to my sorrow,  
Of maidenly prowess the prey;

If I, at the dawn of  
St. Taffy,  
So safely and snugly  
in bed,  
Can clutch at my scalp,  
and make affidavit  
it's still on  
my head—

Yes, if, I repeat it, on Friday  
I find that I've weathered the  
storm,  
I swear I will take it that my day  
Has come for a drastic reform.

No more with one *soi-disante* cousin  
To dinners and suppers I'll go:  
I'll take out at least half-a-dozen—  
There's safety in numbers, you  
know!

It is a comfort to know that many girls intend making their proposals by telephone to-morrow, isn't it, Percy? If there is any fuss about it, you can always put it down to the telephone girl.

Meanwhile, man is losing much of his attractiveness this season, for his socks are no longer to be of the zebra pattern and the rainbow blue. Pink and purple, crimson and orange are to give way to artistic tints. This is the sort of thing that makes many a man a lifelong bachelor.

In Japan they are talking of getting up an Anti-Geisha League to prevent the introduction

of Geisha girls into society by mésalliances. And yet we have of recent years come to look upon the Japanese as quite civilised, and almost as democratic as ourselves.

Professor Spalteholz—quite right, another German—has discovered a process by which the human body can be rendered invisible. The discovery will, however, be of no use to tourists in Germany, as it is not applicable until a man is dead.

"The Home Office has instructed the Governors of His Majesty's prisons to lay in stores of tinned meat, candles, oatmeal, etc., as well as coal, to last three months." Now the ratepayer will know where to go if there is a strike the day after to-morrow.

#### THE HALO.

(Halos are being worn just now, as they are necessary to keep a hat on straight, which might otherwise become a little loose.)

Phyllis is a damsel of an unabashed modernity  
That even the most cynical may not presume to doubt;

You never would connect her face with saintship or eternity,

Nor fancy that her hat-pins fastened anything devout.  
But now I am informed upon the best (her own) authority—  
And my peace would be in danger if I ever questioned that—  
She's one of the ineffable, immaculate minority,  
Who wear a gauzy halo underneath a picture-hat.

The halo that was sported by the virgins of antiquity

Was a personal adornment which proclaimed their moral worth,  
A certificate that never had they paltered with iniquity,

A token of the straightness of their footsteps upon earth.

But that is now considered an old-fashioned superfluity,

A form of advertising that's ill timed and out of date,

So the modern maiden's halo is, with girlish ingenuity,

Devoted to her headgear and the keeping of it straight.



The Pima Indians, who pose for the cinematograph films of the Far West, have struck work because they always have to appear in films in which the red man has to be killed by the hero. They say that in reality their wigwams are full of paleface scalps. Let the Noble Red Man be content. Those scalps were all grown by the Villain. The Hero cannot possibly get killed, even by a white man.

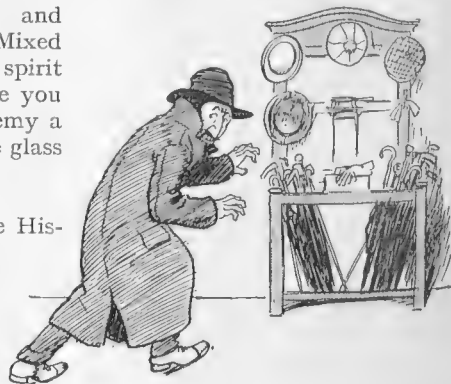
What is the good of worrying over whether Shakespeare's portraits were like him, when one half the world believes that there never was a William Shakespeare, and that the plays were written by an Elizabethan solar myth?

Beer, glorious beer, is coming into its own again. The latest statistics show that the man who drinks cider has thirty-two times a better chance of going mad than the man who drinks beer. As for those who habitually take "temperance" drinks, they are mad already.

But the latest tippie to be brought to your

notice is salt water. It is said to be a digestive stimulant, and good for the appetite. Mixed with alcohol, it renders the spirit less deleterious. Next time you have to give your best enemy a drink, offer him a wholesome glass of whisky and salt water.

A Parisian is writing the History of the Umbrella. An interesting chapter will be, "Five Minutes in the Umbrella-Stand; or, the Mysterious Disappearance."





FASHION ON THE FLOOR: A WICKED CARICATURE.



A COMIC ARTIST'S VIEW: BATEMAN ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT THE HOLLAND PARK RINK.

The Holland Park Rink, here wildly caricatured by Mr. Bateman, is most popular, and possesses a very excellent floor much favoured by Society—with a large "S." Both the Roller Figure-Skating Club and the Olympia Skating Club, of both of which Lord Crichton is President, meet there. There is to be a Grand Costume Carnival on March 13, from 9 p.m. to 2.30 a.m.





### PROHIBITED! "THE SECRET WOMAN."

#### The Prohibited Passages.

Below I set out, from mere guess-work, what apparently are the passages in "The Secret Woman" which the Censor, after licensing "Dear Old Charlie," has refused to pass. The first and second are in a passage where Ann, the wife, gives an account of her discovery of her husband's infidelity. "ANN.—She came—just a shadow out of the light—and I saw the two of them thicken into one, and I heard his kisses on her face. But she spoke nought. So they sank into the dark, and I rushed off, careless of the noise I made. They heard nothing." . . . "At first I weren't so very angry. Ban't that strange? 'Twas all astonishment. Him—so simple and thankful for small mercies where I was concerned! A man I'd chilled and chastened in his flesh. That he should look elsewhere!" The third and fourth occur in a scene where a farmer's daughter makes a

proposal to a country "vet." named Arscott, whose offer of marriage, made ten years earlier, had been refused by her. "ARSCOTT.—But truth is truth, and this is the time for it; and the truth is that you—(*Shakes his head*). Thinner round the bosom, to be plain, and paler in the cheek, and not quite the old crown of honey-coloured hair that I used to dote on." . . . "Ha-ha, you're begging early! Come here—let me stroke your fine arms. Sit on my lap—just half a second! Why not? A bowerly maiden you be—and—and—(*Takes her in his arms*). The fifth is in a scene where Salome—the Secret Woman—is speaking of her dead lover. "SALOME.—His good was mine, and his evil. I blessed my lot that I could kiss away a little of his troubles. I

have taken a different view. And what would be the effect of an anthology of "curious" bits from Shakespeare, or even of a nosegay from "Othello," which Sir Herbert Tree is to produce? One could compile a collection from that play compared with which Mr. Phillpotts' phrases are mere "prunes and prism." Here, too, is a huge humour of the Censorship, for, as Censor, the Lord Chamberlain has no power to prevent Sir Herbert from producing "Othello" without omitting any of the crudely indecent passages. To sum up: these phrases torn from the context produce an utterly unjust impression; yet in themselves, judged by reasonable standards, they do not seem sufficient to call for any interference, whilst on the stage the effect of them, as uttered by a group of Devonshire folk, was absolutely inoffensive; and if that foolish entity called, the Censorship had abstained from interfering, no one would have imagined that any fault could be found with "The Secret Woman."



THE LATEST SPIELMANN OF "THE MIRACLE" IN PRIVATE LIFE: MR. MARCEL BROM.

The run of "The Miracle" has been extended until March 16.

Photograph by Wakefield.

worshipped him; I prayed to him. He was my sun, and air, and food. I only nursed my flesh to keep it plump and sweet for him." The sixth is in a scene where the "vet." is speaking to his betrothed, Barbara, in the presence of her father. "ARSCOTT.—Come on and pitch on my lap, Barbara, there's a dear. I like to feel the fine weight of 'e. Only a fortnight now! You don't want to cry off your bargain."

#### The Effect as a Group.

When looking at this collection of passages, and trying to consider its effect upon the reader, there comes into my mind a book which made some sensation in France about twenty-five years ago, called "Ce qu'on ne doit pas lire": it consisted exclusively of indecent



IN "PANTALON" AND IN "THE HOUSE": MR. ALBERT CHEVALIER AT THE SAVOY.

Miss Ellen Terry and Mr. Albert Chevalier began a season at the Savoy last week. At the evening performances Miss Terry delivers her charming lectures on Shakespeare's heroines. Mr. Chevalier appears in Mr. George Gloriel's "The House," and in Mr. J. M. Barrie's "Pantalon."—[Photographs by Dover Street Studios.]

passages extracted from the Bible. The compiler was one Leo Taxil, once a sort of celebrity as opponent of Christianity. Of course, the effect of the work was horrible, revolting, and, need I add, grotesquely unjust, though perhaps the famous Mr. Bowdler would

#### The Play Itself.

The result of all this absurd to-do is that very close attention has been

paid to the experimental work of an admirable novelist, who has begun his stage career with a work that shows certain faults common to book-adapted plays. The main fault is that what is meant to be the chief character seems comparatively unimportant—is only half-developed, because Mr. Eden Phillpotts has kept far too much of his canvas for an auxiliary story which certainly proved to be worth telling, and, indeed, the best part of the drama, but was so prominent as to prevent the real play itself getting a grip upon the audience. It may be suggested that this is partly due to the choice of a leading lady, of great ability well established, who unfortunately proved to be unsuitable for the part of Ann Redvers, a character described as full of energy and fascination, but rather tame on the stage. This fact reacted on two characters: the sons, rendering it difficult for us to believe in their quite extraordinary devotion to Ann, as is shown by Ann's own phrase—"You both be love-mad for your mother." By-the-bye, I wonder whether the Censor objected to that passage, which, torn from the context, might suggest a tragedy even more appalling than the licensed version of the story of Phædra and Hippolytus. The rest of the play enables us to welcome Mr. Phillpotts as a dramatist. He makes his Devonshire folk live. We had a genuinely humorous tale with real people, solidly drawn, and several very fine little touches of comic character; so I hope the author will soon give us another play, but write without reference to any existing book. Some capital acting, too: Miss Iris Hoey was really powerful as the Secret Woman, Mr. Claude King suggested admirably the full-blooded, good-natured farmer. The scenes between Miss Esmé Hubbard and Mr. Horace Hodgès were excellently played in the true spirit of broad comedy. Messrs. William Farren and Charles Daly gave us two well-drawn, entertaining rustic figures.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE).



A BITING MOMENT DURING THE FAMOUS DUEL BETWEEN WOMEN: MISS EAST ROBERTSON AS "LA COLOMBE," AND MISS ETHEL WARWICK AS MARCEL RIGADOUT, AT THE NEW PRINCE'S.



## A JOVIAL MONK. AM I: ONE OF A TRIO.



MODERN MAN MIMICKING HIS REMOTE ANCESTOR! THE WONDERFULLY NIMBLE "MONKEY"  
OF THE NATHAL TRIO.

The "monkey" of the Nathal Trio, who are a decided attraction of the excellent programme of the London Hippodrome, is a most nimble being, full of tricks and acrobatic freaks. He is at least as interesting as the real thing, which is saying a good deal!—[Photographs by Campbell-Gray.]





# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

IS the Prince of Wales (who, like his father, speaks English without any German accent—a novelty in recent annals of the reigning house) in danger of the Oxford intonation? Edward VII. was innocent of it; but the Oxford that he knew was not the Oxford that his grandson will inhabit. Rather it may be said that King Edward did not know Oxford. That is one tradition. Within Frewen Hall, it is said, he was guarded from most of the things, good and bad, that come the way of the undergraduate. If one believes the Oxford legend, Mr. Stewart's fortress will not be more irksome

to its prisoner than was that closely shuttered and ivy-covered mansion to the incipient worldliness of a born man of the world. At any rate, King Edward left Oxford with the slightly guttural enunciation that he took there. He kept resolutely the accent and inflection which he learned in the Anglo-German nursery.



A DAUGHTER OF CANON KNOX-LITTLE, OF WORCESTER; THE NEW LADY WENLOCK.

Before her marriage to the Hon. Richard Thompson Lawley, brother of the third Lord Wenlock, which took place in 1909, the new Lady Wenlock was known as Miss Rhoda Edith Knox-Little. She is the daughter of the Rev. W. J. Knox-Little, Canon and Sub-Dean of Worcester Cathedral.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

weary of certain classes, he went "up to town" without consulting the authorities. But he was missed, and a wire raced him along the lines. When he arrived at Paddington, a royal brougham and an equerry awaited him.

The storyteller generally leaves the story there. But it should not end without this addition: that when the equerry asked the Prince for the address to which he wished to be driven he did not say "Buckingham Palace"—characteristically, he had the courage of his preferences.

Growing-up. There is a decided, and perhaps natural, yearning in the public bosom to



A FAMOUS OXFORD ROWING "BLUE" TURNS PROFESSIONAL PIANIST AND COMPOSER. MR. F. S. KELLY.

Mr. Frederick Septimus Kelly rowed for Oxford against Cambridge in 1903, won the Diamonds in 1902, 1903, and 1905; the Wingfields, in 1903; the O.U.B.C. Sculls in 1903; and helped win the O.U.B.C. Pairs in 1903, the Grand in 1903, 1904, and 1905, the Stewards in 1906, and the Olympic Eights in 1908. He made a successful first public appearance at the Æolian Hall the other day. In 1899 he entered Balliol College, from Eton, with a musical scholarship, and was heard frequently at the Oxford University Musical Club and the Balliol Sunday evening concerts. He is a pianist who has attained much merit, and a composer of dainty works. He is to give an orchestral concert at Queen's Hall later.—[Photograph by Freeman.]



LORD KINGSALE.

Michael Constantine De Courcy, thirty-third Baron and Premier Baron of Ireland, holds a title granted in 1223, and confirmed in 1397, which carries with it the right to have the head covered in the presence of the Sovereign. He was born in 1855. In 1880 he married Miss Emily Frances Anne De Courcy, daughter of the late William Sinclair De Courcy, brother of the thirty-second Baron Kingsale. His seat is The Grange, Marle Hill, Cheltenham.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

and an Englishman. He arrived at Gibraltar on Tuesday, and later on he continued his voyage to the land of the Pharaohs on board the steamship *Osterley*.

see the Prince of Wales run through his obscurer periods as quickly as may be. "Let Oxford and the Army be taken as done," is what one seems to hear; and it has been asked if he will appear at any of this year's Courts, and if he is to take his seat in the House of Lords. It would be against all precedent for him to appear at any of the Courts for some time to come, and the House of Lords is, of course, undreamt of. King Edward, during his long years of majority before his Accession, only once recorded his vote therein, and then it was in a cause such as does not greatly perturb the young Prince—the legalisation of marriage with a deceased wife's sister.

The Land of Egypt, with its glorious history, now cabin'd to that of a safe, sanitary, and sunny winter-resort for the jaded diner-out of London and Berlin, has added another "cure" to its placid airs and reviving light.

Lord Kitchener would use strong language to the doctor who, advising a distinguished patient to winter in Cairo, added, "And, by the way, see as much of your friend Lord Kitchener as possible: a most invigorating personality, I assure you." But not all his friends are unwelcome, even if nearly all of them travel in his direction under doctors' orders, and make calls on his vitality. The usual tenor of bed-side consolations seemed to be reversed last week when the General "sick-visited" the Bishop of London in Luxor, and reconciled him to a temporary bed of illness. Lord Milner left last week for the land that labours under the inscrutable eye of the Sphinx.



TO MARRY MISS H. M. DU BOULAY ON MARCH 2: CAPTAIN ALGERNON WALKER HENEAGE, R.N.

Captain Heneage is the son of the late Major C. Walker Heneage, V.C., and Mrs. Heneage, of Compton Bassett, Wilts.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN A. W. HENEAGE, R.N., ON MARCH 2: MISS HELEN MARY DU BOULAY.

Miss du Boulay is the daughter of Captain E. de Vismes du Boulay, and Mrs. du Boulay, of Belknap, Ryde.—[Photograph by Hughes and Mullins.]



ENGAGED TO THE REV. CLEMENT WILSON: THE HON. ADELE HAMILTON.

Miss Hamilton is the youngest of the four daughters of the late Lord Hamilton of Dalzell. She was born in 1876. Her eldest sister is married to Colonel Charles William Trotter; her second, to Captain the Hon. John Beresford Campbell; her third, to Captain Henry Heywood Heywood-Lonsdale. Mr. Wilson is Rector of Eccleston.—[Photo. by Lafayette, Dublin.]



LOCKED FROM SIGHT! VEILED IN HER TRESSES.



WITH HER OWN HAIR AS YASHMAK: MISS GLADYS COOPER.

Miss Cooper, who, we need scarcely remind our readers, has made great strides in the last year or two, is playing in the late St. John Hankin's "sylvan" piece, "The Constant Lover," at the Royalty, and also in Mr. John Galsworthy's "The Pigeon," at the same theatre.

*Photograph by Rita Martin.*



# KEYNOTES

## THE CENSOR AND THE MUSICIAN.

ALTHOUGH we hear a great deal about the Censor and his office to-day, and some of our cleverest publicists are doing some of their best work in the Press at his expense, the musician and the world of music are no longer troubled by him. The Censor of stage plays is not the Censor of operas, but the function is one, however it may be divided, and in music the effort to keep composers from turning their attention to Biblical subjects has constituted a form of tyranny that seems to be dying a natural death. Mr. Charles Manners will have dealt a fatal blow at the old custom if the stage version of Mendelssohn's popular oratorio, "Elijah," prepared for the Moody-Manners company by Mr. Harrison Frewin, should pass unchallenged. At the time of writing it is on the eve of production in Liverpool.

Nearly seventy years have passed since "Elijah" was first presented to an English audience. The occasion was a Festival held in Birmingham, and the score as heard then was afterwards revised by the composer. In the revised form it has been with us ever since: no choral society is seemingly large or small enough to do without it, no Festival programme from which "Elijah" is lacking can be held to be complete; and in spite of the fact that many modern works have twice or thrice the musical worth and significance, the popularity of this oratorio is wholly unimpaired. Old people go because it reminds them of their youth, middle-aged people go because it is an established favourite and is extremely respectable, young people go for some reason the writer has never been able to fathom. Perhaps they like it: Suffice it that they go; he has seen hundreds, if not thousands, of men and women young enough to know better listening to the work as though it were a masterpiece being given for the first time. And now that its conquest of choral society and concert platform is complete, the oratorio is to become an opera, and, for all its Biblical content, the voice of the authority who censors opera from time to time is dumb.

The new work is divided into three acts and five scenes. The first scene shows the plains beyond Gilead, the second takes place in the widow's cottage. Act the Second passes outside the Temple of Baal, and in the third act, which opens on Mount Carmel, the scene changes to the Wilderness of Beersheba. For all these purposes the score of the oratorio is not sufficient, and Mr. Harrison Frewin, finding himself compelled to provide additional music, has turned for it to Mendelssohn's other scores! Here, in short, is a very daring production, and one that is bound from the start to make a tremendous appeal to the large class that has made the fortune of such plays as "The Sign of the Cross" and "Quo Vadis?" It would be possible to treat the Bible story in fashion that would give offence, but in this case we may be sure that the treatment will be reverential and will

not fall into the lamentable errors of taste that were associated with a recent revival of Massenet's "Herodiade" in a larger city than Liverpool, and roused some timely protests from the few who realised what was going on.

For many years the performance in London of operas like "Herodiade" and "Samson et Dalila" was forbidden, and the only way in which the difficulty could be overcome in the case of

Massenet's work was by presenting it with the names of the chief characters altered—procedure which evoked much satirical comment from the Continent. Dr. Saint-Saëns' popular work could not have been treated in like fashion even had its gifted composer been willing—the title forbade; and when at last the ban was removed, on the suggestion of one to whom even Censors bow, the back of the old and foolish prohibition was broken. Thereafter Censorship fought a bitter fight with the notorious Wilde-Strauss "Salome," and was beaten in the end. But for the size of the fees demanded by Dr. Strauss for each performance of the work, the defeat would perhaps, be still more apparent. It may well be that after the three decisive blows to its authority, the Censorship of the operatic stage will "lie low and say nothing" until such time as a glaring indiscretion strengthens its authority. A recent incident, briefly referred to already, suggests that this time may come.

In the long run everybody will be pleased if the stage version of "Elijah" suffers no pains or penalties on the road to success. The authors of unreadable books are apt to claim for each of their masterpieces, it will supply a long-felt want; another Wilson Barrett—this time a singer as well as an emotional actor—may arise among our singers to do full justice to the opportunity. Then, again, "Elijah" will give a certain sanction to stage performances among the considerable class that still eyes them askance. But there is a still happier prospect in view. If "Elijah"

can take its place on the stage, the directors of the choral societies that are as the sands upon the seashore for multitude, and organisers of the musical festivals that, like the poor, are always with us may begin to ask themselves whether under the new conditions it would not be well to give "Elijah" in its oratorio form the rest that even an oratorio may be held to deserve after a strenuous career of nearly seventy years. Nay, more, they may decide that a rest will be good for the oratorio, good for the choirs, and not altogether fatal to the festivals. Then they will look around to find a successor, and will discover that in the past half-

century some really good oratorio music has been written and has not been sung too often to retain something of its pristine freshness. The possibility is delightful; perhaps it is founded upon natural optimism and a belief that the tyranny of oratorios is not everlasting, but in any case no Censor has ever laid his ban on hope.

COMMON CHORD.



CONDUCTING HIS "CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA" AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME TWICE DAILY: SIGNOR PIETRO MASCAGNI.

The London Hippodrome arranged that the famous composer Mascagni should begin an engagement there on the 26th, conducting his "Cavalleria Rusticana" (unabridged) twice daily. He brings his own company of principals and a chorus of fifty from Italy, and is visiting London after a twenty-years' absence.

Photograph by Varische and Artico.



MORE CLASSICAL DANCING AT THE PALACE: THE GRECIAN MAIDS.

The Grecian Maids who have been presenting a series of Grecian dances at the Palace came from Professor Reinhardt's "La Belle Hélène" and "Orpheus" productions.—[Photograph by Ostermayr.]



## MORE DAME NATURE DRESSES! A SWISS FASHION NOTE.



BY NO MEANS WRAPPED IN COTTON-WOOL: BOYS AND GIRLS ENJOYING A SNOW AND SUN "CURE."

The photograph illustrates a new "cure" for the children of well-to-do people, youngsters who in the earlier stages of their existence have, so to speak, been wrapped in cotton-wool. Snow and sun are the most important factors in this cure; and, obviously, it can be practised wherever these two are found together.



*Sporting with Winter - Sports : Bateman Eccentricities.*



III.—SKI-ING: "THE WAIT-AND-SEE PEOPLE."

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



NEEDS MUST WHEN THE PLUS THREE DRIVES ?



THE CADDIE : Look out, Sir ; they're driving into us !

THE INDIFFERENT PLAYER : Let 'em drive. It's quite enough for me to get into this position, without any hopping about.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



## AN ARTIST'S INDIAN PROGRESS.\*

NO happier moment could have been possible for the appearance of Mr. Hugh Fisher's book about India. All through the Christmas season, names of Indian cities which were mere names to so many English people, or names with the perfunctory associations of the schoolroom only, were growing into vivid symbols for brilliant realities at the presence of India's Emperor and Empress. The shouts which welcomed them home have scarcely died on the air; we are all keen to talk or hear of Calcutta and Delhi, and the rest; and here is Mr. Hugh Fisher, with pictures as well as words!

Right away up from Southern India and Madras, through Calcutta till within sight of the Himalayas and within touch of Thibet, then westward by way of Benares (where the brass finger-bowls come

from), Lucknow, Cawnpore and Delhi to the edge of Afghanistan—this is, roughly, the delightful journey planned and described. And India is a land, our author says, "which changes any sympathetic traveller to a set of strings on which its spirit plays through all the working hours. Every day is crowded with new wonders, and no sooner does he sink to earth, as if fallen from the hands of one player, then he is snatched up again and every fibre wrung by some new loveliness he knew not of."

Very early in his travels, near Rangoon, he came across the "elephants a-pilin' teak." There were three of them at work—"Hpo Chem, aged fifty, a fine tusker who had been twenty years at the work, and two female elephants—Mee Gyan, seventy years of age, and Mee Poo, a very young thing of thirty. Hpo Chem held his log firmly in his trunk as he gravely walked up the pile of timber to

an altar, he drew at random from it a slip of bamboo with a number. Mr. Fisher's happened to be 14, and on the left-hand wall of the temple were serried rows of prescriptions corresponding to the numbers on the slips.

Notwithstanding much eloquent praise which he heard of Doctor Wah Ho Sen Too, to whom Röntgen rays would have been useless—for it was explained "with graphic gestures how he had been able to see through every part of all of us, and follow the career of whatever entered our mouths"—Mr. Fisher has not had that prescription made up, but has remained content with hearing that the medicine was white and could be got in Mandalay.

Every now and then the author suggests a vivid impression of life under, to us, strange conditions: of such is the glimpse of the little son of an Indian ruler, his only son, notwithstanding thirty wives: "I saw him coming through the central avenue of the bazaar, dressed in rich silks and with his face whitened like a woman's, with ground sandal-wood. He was being wheeled slowly along upon a smart plated bicycle by two men, while another pair of attendants carried a long-handled gold umbrella on each side of him." And, again, many miles north in the botanical garden, which is the Kew Gardens of Calcutta: "In that garden there is no traffic and no dust—only a few delicate little Anglo-Indian children taking tea under the giant banyan."

But, inevitably, the strongest notes of Indian expression are religious. Mosque and minaret and pagoda dominate the life of the people exactly as their wonderful silhouettes rise over bazaar or village. At all hours of every day human thumbs and fingers are pressing gold-leaf upon a figure of Gautama in the Arrakan Pagoda.

And our author also sought to gain merit thus before leaving its dim interior for the sunlight outside, where white egrets strutted about the grounds, and the sacred turtle in a tank wallowed under thick green scum. In another temple, whose hall held a Buddha with small figures all round the walls, he found "in front of these, as boxes for offerings, an incongruous row of Huntley and Palmer's biscuit-tins still decorated with their original paper coverings!" It was while walking along the corridor of a temple at Madura, astounded at its sculptures, that he noticed two squatting tailors, with Singer sewing-machines buzzing noisily away. "Live men moved everywhere among the old, old gods."

And, finally, Mr. Fisher will have no trite proverb of "East is East," etc. He would compare India with ancient and mediæval Europe. All its anachronisms—and he catalogues them in a glowing paragraph, from the caged anchorite to the extravagant magnificence of Courts—"surely existed in past ages between Rome and Bristol."



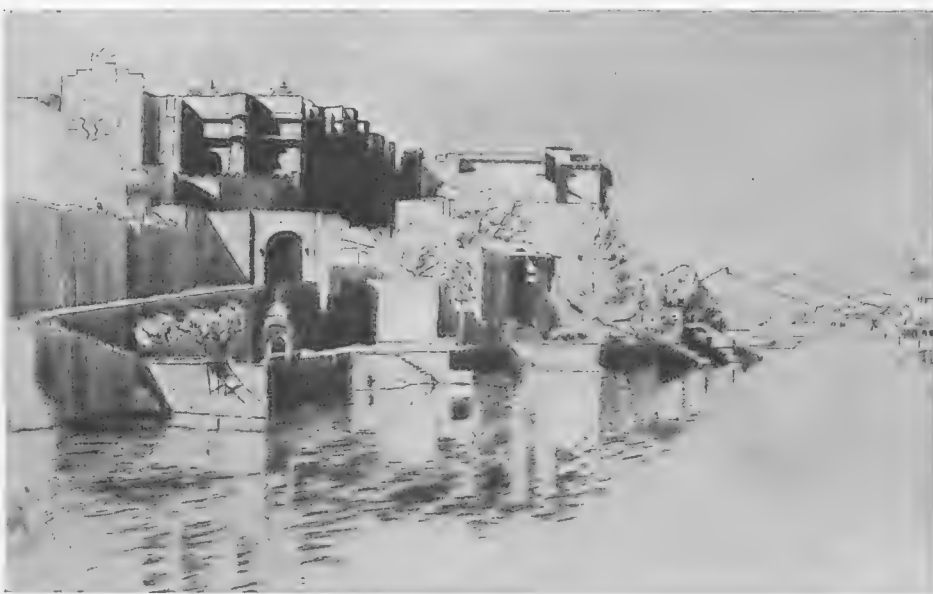
DRIPPING WITH LIBATION OIL: KARAPANASAMI, THE BLACK GOD.

"Among the smaller shrines in the streets the one which seemed to me the most curious was that of the 'Black God, Karapanasami, a wooden club or baluster similar in design to those carved in the hands of stone watchmen at temple gates. Wreathed with flower garlands, it leaned against the wall on a stone plinth, and was dripping with libation oil. I was told that Karapanasami may be present in anything—a brick, or a bit of stone, or any shapeless piece of wood."

Reproduced from Mr. A. Hugh Fisher's "Through India and Burmah With Pen and Brush," by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publisher, Mr. T. Werner Laurie.

place his burden on top, but the ladies got it there by a combined lift and drag, and did not raise the log entirely from the ground. These pleasant creatures are protected by a six-hours-a-day bill, and are only allowed to work from six to nine a.m., and from three to six p.m.

At Mandalay, where Christmas Day was spent with a seasonable snap in the air, Mr. Fisher was led by some Chinese characters over a small archway to a modern square brick joss-house. This, he was told, was "the church of Doctor Wah Ho Sen Too," who lived more than a thousand years ago, and who still prescribed. Shaking a box which lay near the incense-bowl upon



LAKE-REFLECTED: THE PALACE OF THE MAHARAJAH OF UDAIPUR.

"One of two palaces which, completely covering the small islands on which they are built, appear to be floating upon the water."

Reproduced from Mr. A. Hugh Fisher's "Through India and Burmah With Pen and Brush," by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publisher, Mr. T. Werner Laurie.

\* "Through India and Burmah with Pen and Brush." By A. Hugh Fisher. (T. Werner Laurie. 75s. net.)



## FACING FEARFUL ODDS.



MAUDE: Did you say I painted?

MARIE: No, I said you powdered.

MAUDE: Ah, well, that puts another complexion on the matter.

DRAWN BY HEBBLETHWAITE.



THE PINERO-PLAYGOING FLOWER-SELLER (to the old gentleman who has bought a penn'orth): Nah, guv'nor, don't tell me as 'ow it's fer me own partickler little bit in the Pandora chorus.

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.



# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## A WIZARD OF THE WEST.

By HAROLD BLIND.

THEY had captured two of the King's soldiers—two warriors of the Kaiser-i-Hind . . .

Bill Worsfold was a private of the two companies of Fusiliers which had been sent up to lend their moral support to the Native Brigade operating in the hinterland of Assam. The war proved more arduous than expected. It is a habit that wars have.

Johnnie was a little Gurka rifleman. He had fought like a demon with his kukri during the attack on the outposts at dawn. But the Karens had taken them alive by a carefully arranged plan.

Bound hand and foot, the two lay before the rude altar of the tribal god, who was smeared with the blood of chickens and at whose feet were bowls of cooked rice. Outside the temple the people rejoiced exceedingly and their ugly women hurled obscene insults which the captives had understood, though they knew no word of the dialect. The sorcerers "incanted" and performed, and the headman lustrated and sang in a high falsetto whine. They were purifying things in general in order to rob their prisoners of the power to work magic.

Offerings were heaped on the altar—oil, fermented liquor, fruit, flesh, and "notions."

Night fell at last, and the wizards departed to the village square and lighted fires and went on working spells. They left the two soldiers alone with the deity. The wild gorge of the forest-clad mountain was filled with brilliant moonlight. But it was very dark in the temple.

"Wot I'd like to know is, what is their little game?" asked Worsfold, rolling his keen grey eyes to where he knew the red-daubed idol stood. He turned his carrotty head to the Gurka, saying—

"Hi! You! Johnnie! Wot is the game? Why—we not dead? Eh?"

"Magic," replied the other—"make big magic with us! Kill us by-and-by, and that kill all our soldiers down there. I know. See?"

"No; I don't see. Will they hurt us, Johnnie?"

"Oh, plenty!" said the Gurka, grinning.

There was a long silence. The hullabaloo from outside came in gusts. Then Worsfold said—"Can't we get out of these bally bonds?" He strained at them, cursing.

"Be still. I bite them—easy! See!"

The Nepalese writhed painfully over and began gnawing the hide thongs binding the hands of the English Fusilier.

"Magic!" said the latter reminiscently, "Magic! Wot you mean," he went on slowly, his cheek on the ground, "wot you mean is that by doing nasty things to us they think they do nasty things to our pals? What?"

"Yes. Now pull!"

Worsfold worked his wrists and was free. He started to undo his legs, muttering—"Why didn't they think of us getting loose like this? Ah, magic again! The blooming old joss there is a-keeping his glass eye on us. Wot ho!"

He began to undo his companion.

"But we can't escape! No! Never mind; we'll knock some of 'em out when they come to curry us. Lord, I'm hungry! Ah, the blinking hofferings in kind! There you are, Johnnie! Stand up and get the blood running!"

He groped for the altar and they fed full on the food thereon and drank deep of the native beer.

"Most obliging custom, I'm sure!" said Worsfold, with his mouth full of broiled fowl and spiced rice. "Now if they only handed round the plate in these parts, where would we be? Why, starving, me lad, instead of full of meat and inspiration!"

Suddenly he started and almost shouted—"Oh, my stars! God bless Passmore Edwards!"

"Eh?" said the Gurka, "Eh?"

"No, I'm not mad. It's magic. They always say I'm too brainy. But I repeats, God bless Passmore Edwards. Now, my poor old pal, when I was a snivelling civvy I used to go and spend my time in the free library when out of a job and the wind was east. I was what they called a studious youth and I had a ticket. One day I see a book on the counter with a lot of mistletoe on its cover—called 'The Golden Bough,' by a cove called Frazer. I thought

it was a nice Christmas story, but it wasn't. It was all about taboo and magic. I read it. God bless Passmore Edwards! Listen, Johnnie! These blighters are using us to work magic. We'll start some on our own. It's a chance—just a chance! 'Ere, lend me your blooming great ears, as Cæsar said! Help me to heave old glass-eyes on to the floor, and then we'll sing and dance round him and weave spells. We've scoffed the holy grub and booze, that's one miracle! Come on!"

They lugged the idol up by the roots and put him in the middle of the temple. They turned their tunics inside out, and then Worsfold took a final draught of beer and said—"Now we'll call the flock to prayer. You sing the songs of your native heath, and I'll sing mine. Circum-blooming-ambulate whilst so doing—dance round, see?"

The alcohol was mounting to his brain, and he went to the door of the shrine and dragged down the screen of matting. The Gurka let out a shrill yell, and Worsfold solemnly bayed at the white moon. The villagers stared for a moment, paralysed with surprise and fear. Then an angry clamour rose and they rushed in, headed by the wizards. But a strange and awful chant halted them. Their victims were slowly performing a mystic dance round their prostrate deity. The firelight just showed them as they passed the entrance—making awful white man's magic. The tribe listened like bronze statues to the weird hymn that Worsfold chanted in his rich voice—

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave!

But his soul goes marching on!

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Fancy the Devil coming to yer,  
Sticking his pitchfork through yer,  
As your soul goes marching on!

The Gurka sang some folk-song of his own in a minor key, and the combined effect was indeed magical. All the dogs began howling. Cocks crowed. It was miraculous.

"Always audacity," as the French say! Vive Longtong!" bawled Worsfold, and hove the image cumbrously out of the temple into the open. He gathered up their broken bonds and, mowing and jibbering to the four cardinal points, he distributed them in a large circle of art. He chanted—"We've held 'em! If we can only keep 'em paralysed we'll get off. The boys will be coming to our rescue! Go on, Johnnie, incant, you blighter!"

He recited in funeral tones, "Mary had a little lamb," changing suddenly to "The British Grenadiers." The people surged forward, fascinated by his voice and his continuous mummery. They said in whispers that the white man's magic was more potent than their own. The wizards seemed at a loss. Anything might happen—from the descent of a host of aerial fiends to an earthquake or tornado, or swift-striking death.

Worsfold knew that it was a matter of time. Already he saw a Chinese half-breed suggesting a rush before the rites ended and took effect. Worsfold had piled all the votive bowls and jars and knick-knacks round the divinity. He lifted a beer-jar and swigged at it and emptied the remnants over the idol, with bows and ribald curses. Next he seized the empty rice-dishes, and, putting one on his head like a helmet, he held another in each hand and advanced out of his circle, lifting his knees belt-high. He sang, "A little bit off the top for me, for me, for me!" The Gurka followed him crooning. The crowd gave them all the room they needed. Right down the street Worsfold marched. The forest stood black and solemn and silent on all sides. He felt gloriously exhilarated—beautifully and recklessly drunk.

"I expects my granny was a wise-woman in Somerset! . . . If we ran for it they'd be arter us like a pack of wolves—an' we couldn't climb the stockade. About turn! You perishing piebald poachers! I want to live to get my pink-eyed pension and keep a public-house! Help! Help! Help!"

They marched back in step—knees up. But as they neared their circle of art a young man shot an arrow at them. Worsfold turned on him like a flash. "Ah, would you! I'll teach you!" he yelled, and began a slow approach, fixing the man with his eyes. He turned livid and his jaw fell. Worsfold suddenly clapped one of the rice-bowls on his head. The crowd swayed and cried aloud.

[Continued overleaf.]



STUMPED !



THE TRAMP: My pal says as 'ow you've just give 'im sixpence fer 'avin' one leg.

THE OLD LADY: Yes, I did.

THE TRAMP: Well, then, gi' me a shillin'—'cos I've got two!

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

The man dropped and lay perfectly still in a great space as his comrades scattered. No one went near him. Back to the charmed circle went Worsfold, intoning like a curate reading lessons or psalms.

"Now a chant of victory, my brethren! I killed that young villain, or else he's had a fit. It works! Hello, it's galvanised them into li-hi-ife! They are starting a rival show! Now, Johnnie, my hearty, just tune up! I'll chip in when the crisis comes!"

Indeed, the sorcerers, witch-women, and headmen, led by a most ancient and powerful exorcist, were proceeding to combat magic with magic. The desperate nature of the situation had roused them. They heaped up the fires and got all the materials necessary for their most deadly ritual for the exorcism of stranger-devils and the counteracting of stranger-spells. The Gurka sang persistently, and Bill intoned on—

"Great Jehoshaphat, it is like a bally panto. The Demon's Cave! Shall I ever take another gal to the gallery? Oh, Lord! if mother could see them wicked hags! The worst of it is they believe in their own hanky-pank; it is heartening of 'em up! I couldn't kill one now—he wouldn't die! I must strengthen our defences!"

He whooped and leaped out of his circle and ran to where the man lay still. "Jemima, he is dead!" he wailed, and took the bow and arrows. Coming back, he traced a second circle round his bits of leather binding. He stuck the arrows in at intervals with much ceremony. The people were now intensely excited and watched the rival magicians with bated breath. They had never had such a show. Worsfold took off his tunic and put it round the idol. The watchers' eyes fairly bulged out. It was death for them even to touch that sacred image. Yet here was this white soldier treating it as an equal! Bill showed the god the bow and then wrote round his circle this mystic formula:—

Private William Worsfold, No. 6088, X Coy, —th Batt. —th Royal Fusiliers. Private Johnnie, —th Batt. Queen Alexandra's Own Gurka Rifles. All who enter here will die! God save Passmore Edwards!

But now the old Chief Sorcerer told the tribesmen that his spells had rendered the magic of the White Man harmless. All they had to do was to charge in and slay the two victims.

But Bill saw the temper of the mob changing and he whispered in the idol's ear and pointed to the sinking moon. It was getting

darker. The fires lit up the scene with flitting shadows. An arrow quivered in the ground near him. He sprang up and pulled it out, made passes, fitted it to his bow, and pranced round his tabooed circle menacing the tribe. They shuffled back trying to hide behind each other. He knew he must not miss. He must do something desperate. Another arrow sang past his ear. He raised the bow, drew the string—and missed the chief wizard by inches. There was a yell and a surge forward, but, quick as thought, he plucked an arrow from the circle and shot—this time the shaft stuck out from the old man's chest. The people gave one wail and then a deathly silence fell. The sorcerer staggered—dragging at the arrow with his hands—and collapsed.

Bill broke out into a pæan of triumph and Johnnie whirled madly round the idol. Bill sang the rollicking chorus of "The Powder Monkey."

Soon we'll be in London Town! Sing, my lads, yo-ho!  
See the King in a golden crown! Sing, my lads, yo-ho!  
Heave ho, away we go! Who's afeard to meet the foe?  
Sing, my lads, yo-ho!

The sorcerer lay twisting, as the poison from the barb gripped him. The people had never heard singing like this. They listened, literally spellbound. It was dreadful magic.

There's a girl in London Town! Sing, my lads, yo-ho!

The fires were dying. The dawn chill was in the air. The moon had sunk. He sang on, his voice ringing true in the stillness. The villagers dispersed silently, leaving Bill in possession of the field.

The sky greyed suddenly; and, just as suddenly, the British troops came pouring over the stockade and into the village with shouts and howls. There was no fighting. It was a complete surprise. Bill had held the villagers with his magic and guided the attacking column with his voice and the general din. His comrades surrounded him.

"We thought it was your swan-song, Worsfold!" said his Colour-Sergeant.

"Swan song? Blimy, I've got a neck like a swan wot hadn't seen water for years. If I was a blinking Merlin instead of a perishing private, I'd conjure up a quart of mild-and-Burton—with a head on it! No! I'd make old Beelzebub fetch a gallon in a dixie, and get my head in it!"

"No beer, Bill," said a corporal, "but 'ere's some rum!"

THE END.



#### HISTORY IN THE MAKING: AN ARTIST'S IDEA!

SUB.: What about that "Riddled Reputations" column—you're dining with the chap to-night, aren't you?

EDITOR: H'm, yes. Look here, better hold it over till I've seen how he does me.





# ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

## Golf for France.

When I was in Paris, on the special golfing expedition that I mentioned last week, I bought a copy of the only instruction-book in golf that has been written and printed in the language of France, and quite a handsome thing it is, and very complete, though not a word about it have we ever heard in this country. There is much going on in the matter of Continental golf that is vastly important and is unknown to us. A few days since I received a copy of the newly issued year-book of the German Golf Association, and a most wonderful and complete compilation it is of nearly a hundred pages. The French book has about 350 pages, and I found it to be mightily entertaining in the purely French parts, as distinguished from those in which the precepts of James Braid and Harry Vardon were being quoted. At the end of the preface, contributed by M. Pierre Deschamps (the president of the Société de la Boulie, and often referred to as the father of golf in France), I read a stirring appeal to his countrymen to "make this sport a national game in our happy land of France." The idea of golf being a "national game" of France seems a little odd; but why? I was told at Chantilly, which in golf is less than three years old, that they have 600 members, mostly French, paying entrance-fees and subscriptions like those that are exacted by the best clubs in England. At La Boulie they have 750 members, and the entrance-fee is £4 and the subscription £10 a year. Clearly, this golf club at Versailles is a wealthy institution; and, indeed, at Chantilly, Fontainebleau, and elsewhere on the fringe of the capital the impression is made upon you that the game in France is in no impecunious state. It is beginning rich; it is born with the silver spoon in its mouth, and

will never know the trials and troubles that the pioneers have experienced elsewhere.

## Baron Plays Perpetually.

There are cases of golf-fever in France that are every degree as bad—or as good—as those we find here at home. It was a muggy morning when my companion and I teed up at the beginning of our first round at La Boulie; we could, with difficulty, see the flag on the first green, short as was the hole. We surmised that we might be the only players; but, no, many holes ahead, having started early, was a match going on between a Baron

of France and one of his rivals. The Baron was taking the game with exceeding seriousness; and the information was given to me that he played two rounds on the course every day of his life. "Saturdays and Sundays?" I asked my caddie. "Toujours!"

was the answer. "Even if it rains?" I pursued. "Toujours!" the boy answered, with emphasis. "Or snows, or is foggy?" I persisted, and then the carrier of clubs replied, a little impatiently and with finality, "Toujours!"—intending to convey that in all circumstances whatsoever the indefatigable Baron got in his two rounds a day, and an independent witness confirmed the statement of the boy. And there are old and experienced golfers in France. There are Parisian players who are members of the Royal and Ancient Club of St. Andrews, and I have met others who could argue most deeply with me upon the peculiarities and merits of many British courses, from Sandwich and Sunningdale to Montrose and Cruden Bay. I took tea at Fontainebleau with M. le Comte de Puyfontaine, who exercises a kind of governorship over the course, and he told me that he learned his golf twenty-two years ago at a place near Lancaster, and that since then he has played in many parts of the United States and elsewhere.



GOLFERS TO KNOW: I.—MR. W. SYDNEY SMITH, CAPTAIN OF THE MID-SURREY GOLF CLUB.

Photograph by Gunn and Co.

## In a Famous Forest.

So the Parisian golf and golfers must be taken very seriously, and it is a delight to go among them with our clubs. Their courses are nearly good enough for anything, and they are all different from each other in type and characteristics. Fontainebleau is cut out of the forest, and silver birches line the fairway, while some of the great boulders which are peculiar to the place stand out as landmarks near the putting-greens—but not so near as to be useful to the erratic player. Holes of all kinds are at Fontainebleau, and some of them make pretty puzzles in the playing. Chantilly has less

character, but more length. It is a better test of wooden-club play, but not of pretty work with the irons in approaching. Yet it is well bunkered, the fairway is smooth and dry (as it is at Fontainebleau) all through the winter, and the putting-greens are most excellent, fast and true. The turf at La Boulie does not winter so well as it does at the other places, though the club has spent many thousands of francs in applying real sea-sand to it for its improvement; but in the spring, the summer, and the autumn, golf here at Versailles is a fine pleasure, for the



WITHOUT INTEREST IN THE BALL'S FLIGHT! THE BLINDFOLDED A. H. TOOGOOD PLAYING FROM THE ROUGH TO THE FOURTH GREEN.

Last week A. H. Toogood, well known as a professional, sought to prove Mr. Guy Livingstone's theory that it is not necessary to keep your eye on the ball when making a stroke, by playing a match with Mr. A. Tindal Atkinson (scratch at Sunningdale), and being blindfolded, after having taken his stance and addressed the ball, for each stroke. Toogood was beaten hands down, by eight up and seven to play. He nearly always snatched at his ball and sliced it a little. It may be noticed that the blindfold golfer loses one of the chief pleasures of the game—interest in the flight of the ball.—[Photograph by M. Dixon and Co.]

holes are up and down and round about a big hillside, and some of them are dainty things, while others need the most cunning treatment. Here and elsewhere in golfing France the British visitor is made welcome, and is happy in his game.



## THE AGENT OF PEACE.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

I WAS cutting out a *farandole* of marionettes in Dutch attitudes from a folded page of a newspaper for the benefit of very young visitors, and this is what I read across the petticoat of one of my dolls—"And the crowd, seeing that the agent was overpowered and in danger, came to his rescue, and, in spite of the herculean efforts of the Apache armed with a knife, almost tore the latter to pieces. He was carried to hospital in a desperate condition." And this is how journalism is written! This scene of blood and rage; let me tell you, occurred in Paris. The agent was a French agent, the mob a French mob, the Apache not a melancholy, poetical, majestic Redskin, a child of the prairie, but a foster-son of the fortifications. Now, I was not there at all, but I know exactly what happened. The agent made a half-hearted attempt to grapple with the ruffian, the ruffian knocked him down, kicked him on the mouth, knifed him, while the crowd looked on at the sport, jesting and very much amused. Two soldiers, who were passing, refrained from joining the group from fear that the policeman, who, perhaps, was not quite dead, might claim the help that soldiers are by law bound to render the force. Then the Apache thought that sufficient unto the day is the work thereof, and that an absinthe would not come amiss, and he leisurely prepared to go. He was not afraid. Why should he be? He knew his Paris and that there would not be another policeman for miles around. He also knew that his behaviour had been approved rather than blamed by the crowd, and so he was angry that the ring did not open quick enough to let him pass out. Then he made a mistake—he again flourished his big knife. Now, an Apache has a perfect right to do what he likes to a policeman—the policeman is his recognised prey; bred and fed and paid to that end—but when it comes to threatening free citizens, almost quite as respectable as the Apache himself, that's quite another

about as enviable as that of an impaled deer surrounded by a pack of hounds. If he had not fallen, the Apache might have had an ovation, being carried shoulder-high for his exploit, instead of being picked up bit by bit by the ambulance. This is, on the word of Phrynette, the veridical version of the *fait divers*. I have seen, heard, read so many of these little occurrences that happen daily in the Paris streets, and help to keep the citizens in a good temper, and also to kill time.

I am sorry not to have a more exact mind. I actually do not know how much the French police are paid. I feel sure it must be at least as much as our Ministers, for otherwise no one would be a policeman in France. As it is not a profession that one would



ACCUSED OF BEING TOO ENGLISH: THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE WINTER-SPORTING, WITH HIS WIFE.



DRIVING WITH AN ENGLISH LADY: THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE AT ST. MORITZ.

There are stories that the German Crown Prince did not please some of his compatriots at St. Moritz, because, according to them, he favoured the British section of Society over-much while there. This being so, it is interesting to recall that his Imperial Highness was first introduced to the country life of Britain some ten years ago, and then had what he described as the time of his life. He is here shown with Miss Nancy Conran, well-known as a "bobber."—[Photographs by Brocherel.]

matter. One citizen would have borne with it, two citizens might, chiefly if unarmed; but a mob of citizens are as good as an Apache, and always ready to enforce such things as equality and fraternity. A mob of citizens are no "dirty cows" to be threatened by one Apache. "*De-quoi? de-quoi?*" said a *faubourienne* voice, "do you take me for a camel of a *sergot*?" and one of the tentacles of the mob grabbed at the Apache. Then he made his second and biggest mistake—he lost his balance and fell. I am sorry for a man, whether Apache or public benefactor, who falls in the midst of a French mob bent on amusing itself. His fate is

embrace for love, it must then be for money. Their mission is to protect the public in spite of the public. A French agent is the general enemy, the laughing-stock, the scapegoat. He is held in contempt by the bourgeois, and beneath contempt by the Apaches. He is like an unloved child who has had all humaneness beaten out of him. Even the French language mocks at him by calling him an agent of the peace!—whereas the very sight of his uniform is a signal for riot and disorder to begin. The agent of the peace is at war with society. His mood is as sombre as his uniform. The milk of human kindness has not dried up in him—it has turned sour. He is never by any chance courteous to anyone, because everyone treats him discourteously. He is drawn from the people, yet the people treat him with the same animosity as if he hailed from the aristocracy, the tents of Israel, the rich bourgeoisie, or the Prussian state—the people's favourite detestations. Poor *sergot*! Does he marry? And, if he marries, whom does he marry? Does he seek his wife from the Faubourg St. Germain or the Foreign Embassies, I wonder? For surely no daughter of an honest "*ouvrier*" would ever stoop so low as to marry a "cow."

The French policemen are not only inefficient, they are insufficient. I would there were as many as, say, cafés on the Boulevards. If we can't get quality, let us at least have quantity. Why not start in London a training-school for French policemen, where they would be taught that in some countries a member of the force is not perforce a pariah?—in London, the city of gentle cooks, at whose hands a policeman may hope for as much consideration (and other things) as the most dashing dragoon that ever was maned. The French *sergot* has already borrowed the bâton from the London bobby; why not borrow also a little prestige and authority?



# THE WHEEL AND THE WING



A SENTRY-BOX FOR MOTOR-SCOUTS; ONE OF THE SHELTERS ERECTED AT CROSS-ROADS AND OTHER POINTS BY THE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION AND MOTOR UNION.

The A.A. and M.U. patrols are being provided with "sentry-boxes." The one here shown is at Colnbrook.

## Something Like Betrayal.

The proposal put forward by the Road Board that something over £800,000 should be spent from the proceeds of the petrol-tax, etc., on the construction of a huge westward way out of London is certainly viewed by automobilists generally with mingled feelings. It is felt that the large sums of money extracted from the motorist should be devoted to the improvement of the great through main roads running all up and down the country, and not concentrated on one outlet of about twelve miles in length from one city. If London, why not Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow? If the money accruing to the Road Board is to be concentrated at all, it should be used to straighten,

widen, and tar-mac, say, the Brighton Road from Purley to the South, and after that, other of the big main roads—such as the Great North, the Holyhead, the Bath, and the Portsmouth Roads. The outcry necessary to such a scheme as that just proposed by the Road Board should be defrayed by London as a whole, and not out of the pockets of a tithe of the community. We are betrayed!

## A Good Trial Marred.

However the official awards may shape (and at the moment of writing they are not to hand), the honour and glory of the strenuous, searching Swedish Reliability Trials must assuredly go to the two Vauxhalls, which finished first and second, though starting second and eighth. The marks, so far as I can learn, were awarded in the most extraordinary way. Every car was allotted a certain period in which to drive over each of the sections into which the course was divided; and if this allotted time was reduced or exceeded by ever so small a margin, marks were deducted from the maximum obtainable. This, taken with the fact that no change of drivers was permitted, makes the trial more than ever a test of tricky driving, and not one of reliability. Apart from the known excellence of the Vauxhall cars, the ability of their drivers must then have had much to do with their success, for one Vauxhall car is, I understand, placed second officially as well as actually. It is evident that what might have been a most illuminating trial, from the reliability point of view, has been marred by utterly and absurdly fanciful restrictions.

## A Real Good Jack.

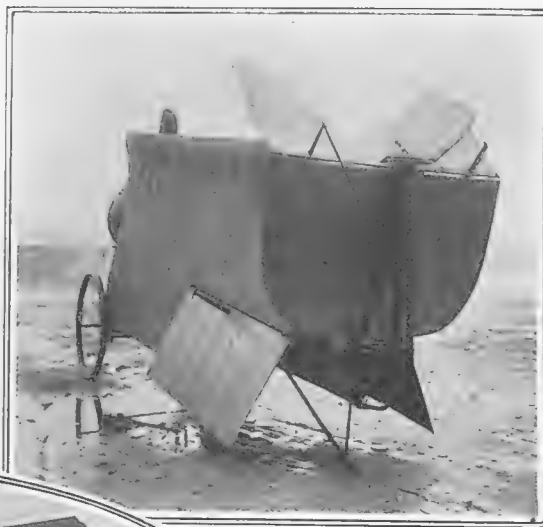
To the owner-driver—and by the owner-driver I mean to include the man who does most things to his car but the washing—a readily adaptable and easily worked jack is an absolute necessity. Now there are jacks and jacks, and too few which are really handy and easy to manipulate. It should be possible to set the jack-head to within an eighth of an inch of the height of the axle; further, to be able to place it without scrambling under the car and without any undue back-bending; and then to be able to raise the car with the least possible exertion. A

jack just introduced by Messrs. Michelin and Company exactly answers all these requirements, for Bibendum never yet put an accessory upon the market until he had tested and proved it to be the best thing for its purpose. This is certainly the case with the new Michelin jack, which was shown at Manchester, and which not only complies with all the above conditions, but by the use of a ball-bearing base reduces the labour of operating to a minimum.

## Too Sure by Half.

Time was when, if one motorist came across another halted by the road-side, it was the custom to pull up and proffer assistance. Nowadays such urbanity

seldom obtains, although many old stagers still follow the practice. Only the other day one such kindly soul halted to see what he could do to assist a fellow-motorist who, by his flushed and heated appearance, had evidently been having a time equivalent to that enjoyed by the parrot who had been left in a room with a monkey. Upon inquiry it was found that the engine obstinately refused to start, and the good



FOLDED FOR TRANSPORT: THE VEN-DOME MILITARY MONOPLANE, WHICH IS LARGELY OF WOOD, AND IS SO BUILT THAT IT WILL "COLLAPSE" FOR EASY CARRIAGE BY THE TROOPS.

Photograph by Branger.

Samaritan put the usual questions. Yes, everything was all right—ignition, valves, petrol, all had been tested. Then the Samaritan took a hand, and also proved the firing and the operation of the valves. "Have you petrol?" was asked, and an

imperative affirmative was received. A suggestion that the tank should be inspected (the carburetter was tickled from the outside) was received with scorn, and more turning was resorted to until both were licked. "Petrol," again murmured the Samaritan, and asked that, quite as a favour, the tank should be opened. Almost pettishly, and quite grudgingly, the cap was unscrewed—to find the reservoir as dry as a bone.



THE SKIPPER AT THE HELM! SIR THOMAS LIPTON MOTORING IN FRANCE.

Sir Thomas motored through France to Nice, which he arranged to leave last week to join his yacht "Erin" for a Mediterranean cruise.—[Photograph by Naville.]



# CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

**Grand Military.** The entry for the Grand Military Gold Cup, which is to soldiers as important an event as the Ascot Gold Cup is to civilians, is not an imposing one this year, this being in a measure due to the fact that several of our steeple-chasing soldiers are on service abroad.



POLO AT CAIRO: THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, PLAYING.

*Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.*

Four of the gentlemen who have subscribed to the race have nominated two. One of these, Captain Christie Miller, has entered Sir Percy and Sprinkle Me, the latter being the winner of the race in 1909. The horse has been running so well this season that he is sure to command a lot of support. Captain Paynter has entered Jack Symons and Chapelizod, on each of which he has won steeplechases this season. Captain Paynter won the race in 1908 on Mount Prospect's Fortune, and he is not unlikely to win this year. A mare that made a very good impression recently at Manchester by the way she stuck to Forkhill is Mr. D'Arcy Edwardes's Ebonette. The same gentleman has also nominated Viz. The other owner who is doubly represented is Mr. E. H. Wyndham with Another Delight and Lokman. Mr. Wyndham compares favourably with most of the military riders, and if he rides Another Delight, the horse is pretty sure to be well backed. Captain C. Noel Newton, who is a clever and popular rider, is represented by Flax Field, on which he has won more than one race at Sandown Park. Mr. Colwyn Philipps's Tempo Bello has been winning steeplechases in Wales. Two other prominent horses in the entry are Quinton (who was unlucky at Manchester) and Wand, who has been described as one of the biggest thieves in training. He has to be literally kicked along. The palmy days of the Grand Military Gold Cup have departed, but nevertheless there will be plenty of enthusiasm and excitement over the race next Friday. My selection for it will be found under "Monday Tips."

**N. H. Racing.** The acquisition by Lord Derby of one or two steeplechasers and hurdle-racers was hailed with satisfaction by all who would like to see National Hunt racing restored to the position it held thirty years ago. If a number of

see his colours carried in the Grand National, for the race is run at his front door, so to speak, and this year he will be entertaining King George. Lord Derby's other purchase, Sir John, is at present in the hurdle-racing line of business and is not doing very well at it, but he may develop into a useful steeplechaser. Decision was sent to Sir Robert Wilmot to be trained for hurdle-racing, but he proved to be a failure and is back at Newmarket. The buying of Axle Pin and Sir John by Lord Derby draws attention to the fact that, whereas most of what may be termed the "big" owners under Jockey Club rules breed their racehorses, the opposite obtains under National Hunt rules. I suppose men have not the patience to wait the four or five years or more while their horses are developing and being taught to jump. And there is a lot of money to be won by racing them on the flat. The few that do breed horses for jumping are mostly Irishmen, Mr. J. J. Maher being about the best known, and even he does not do it to the same extent as a few years back.

**Brisking Things Up.** In the Turf

world are growing brisker every day now, and in a week or two we shall be in full working order. Very little can be gleaned yet as to the chances of horses with early engagements, except that more than the usual number at Newmarket are reported to be forward in condition. In the betting that has taken place on the Lincolnshire Handicap the most prominent names are Spanish Prince, Mercutio, Long Set, Braxted, and Warfare; but when plans of owners take more definite shape some changes in the lists are sure to be made. It was certain from the outset that the altered conditions of the Grand National would cause a large diminution in the speculation on that race. So far one rarely sees any names but Rathnally and Jerry M. seriously mentioned. Occasionally Caubeen, Rory O'Moore, and Axle Pin are spoken of; but so long as the first-named pair keep well the others will not have much attraction for backers. The price to which Rathnally shrank after his Manchester gallop shows which way the wind blows.



FAR FROM THE FRONT BENCH: MR. F. E. SMITH, K.C., M.P., AT A MEET OF THE GRAFTON.

*Photograph by Topical.*



PLAYERS IN A GAME STARTED BY THE DROPPING OF THE BALL FROM AN AEROPLANE: THE ENGLISH POLO TEAM AT CORONADO BEACH, CALIFORNIA.

From left to right are seen Lord Tweedmouth, Lord Alistair Leyeson-Gower, Captain Besley, and Lord Herbert. The airman, Paul Koch, announced that, after exhibition flights on his aeroplane, he would start the play by dropping the ball.

owners of Lord Derby's standing could be induced to take an active interest in jumping, we should be a long way on the journey to that desired end. One can readily understand his Lordship's eagerness to

Cup (hurdle race), Himan or, Bendy Tree; Grand Military Steeplechase, Jack Symons; Maiden Steeplechase, Ebonette; Tally Ho Steeplechase, Marbury.

## MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

Ludlow, to-day: Caynham Hurdle, Gallivant; Liverpool Trial Steeplechase, Shanawan; Novices' Hurdle, Bovington; Oakley Steeplechase, Jim May. Sandown, to-morrow: Aissele Hurdle, Avernus; Corinthian Steeplechase, Forkhill; Warren Hurdle, Slave of the Ring; Liverpool Trial Steeplechase, Kilkeel. Friday: Grand Military Gold Cup, Sprinkle Me or Chapelizod; Past and Present Steeplechase, A. J.; Maiden Steeplechase, Black Friar II.; Open Hurdle, Romeo. Saturday: Imperial





By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

### The Playwright and the Star.

Sir Arthur Pinero has been blamed by hypercritical gallery-boys for depicting the humours of theatrical life behind the scenes, but comedy, if it be anything worth the name, must reflect the manners; the follies of the period in which it is written. And no one can say that the beautiful Young Persons of the musical-comedy stage play an unimportant part in our national life. It is an open secret that these dazzling young things have an extraordinary fascination for other girls of all classes. It is young women who buy their photographs and picture postcards, go weekly to the theatre where they perform, and try to copy minutely the wonderful gowns worn by their idols. For the modern Star has a pretty air of *sainte n'y touche*, her gowns are modest though ultra-modish, and she has always self-possession and dignity. Her name is known to millions of persons who have never heard of famous women in other walks of life. Naturally, her allurements for mere Man is one of the phenomena of our present civilisation, and the Path of a Star one which we all follow with curiosity. For it is notorious that she makes her adorers "mind the paint," and often ends by marrying a peer or some cadet of an aristocratic family. It is a subject—intensely modern and very significant—cut out for the dramatist's pen, and small wonder that the author of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "Mid-Channel" should have seized on so striking a theme. In that amusing piece, "The Education of Elizabeth," Mr. Roy Horniman touched it with deft fingers, but we have not, till now, had the subject attacked in the grand manner, so as to exhaust its possibilities.

"Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée."

This essentially French proverb is something more than a symbol, for it voices the racial prejudice of the Gaul against what he considers the death-dealing draught. And since we so often have to pass hours in rooms in which the doors (and windows) are rigorously shut, one is glad to hear from Sir Ray Lankester that there is small danger to our health from this enforced privation from fresh air. The Professor assures us that the carbonic-acid poison theory has been definitely abandoned after exhaustive experiments. A roomful of people with no ventilation may be unpleasant, but it is, it seems, not always unhealthy. General Horace Porter, the late American Ambassador in Paris, used to tell an engaging story of a hale and hearty octogenarian who attributed his uniform good health to "foul air, Sir—foul air!" Now, Sir Ray informs us that the natural repulsion we all feel to a hot room full of people is not to be attributed to the much-maligned carbonic acid, but to various causes—namely, "an unpleasant odour, a uniform high temperature, too little moisture, and to the presence of floating bacteria—possibly disease-germs—given off from the bodies of the occupants of the room." It would seem, to the mere lay mind, that there is a splendid case for opening

the window at any cost, for the last appalling suggestion seems to be fraught with more dangers than even our old friend, carbonic acid, or the dreaded *courant d'air*.

### Soldier-Girls.

The time is rapidly drawing near when the superfluous female population of these islands will have to be used as war-material. If "food for cannon" has to be provided, why should not our stalwart young women—who do not seem wanted in any capacity—learn to use the rifle and march in squads? The modern middle-class girl has a splendid physique, plenty of pluck, and a not inconsiderable endowment of brains. She has learned, at games, self-control, judgment, and initiative: all priceless qualities in the modern fighting man.

Then, if she is not yet as muscularly strong as her brother, she is as strong physically, and can endure greater strain on her vitality. It is notorious that women of the easy classes live longer than their men-folk. In short, everything—from the unwillingness of our boys to join the military forces, to the growing number of useless girls—points to this solution of our military problem.

### Other People's Influenza.

I wonder if it affords obscure persons with titles, or the common or garden Member of Parliament, an infinity of satisfaction that their catarrhs of the head should be solemnly announced in the morning papers? Do they send these thrilling items to the halfpenny journals themselves, and are we humbler folk supposed to find them light and entertaining reading? Ought we to be moved to the depths of our beings by some such bulletin as: "Major-General Sir Hector Bittenshaw, of The Hollies, Southsea, is laid up with a severe attack of influenza, but is able to take nourishment. On Friday Sir Hector passed a good night, and no complications are feared?"—or, "Everyone will sympathise with Mr. and Mrs. John Jones, who are so deservedly popular in Society, in the sudden illness of their youngest daughter, aged six, who has been removed to a nursing home in London, an operation for adenoids having become necessary"? Then, again, we may read how "Lord Wimbledon (better known as Sir Benjamin Rosenheim, M.P.), the eminent financier, is suffering from relaxed throat, and has been ordered to Algiers by his physicians. Lord Wimbledon started yesterday, and no letters whatever will be forwarded." The latter announcement, which always sounds like a menace, is particularly striking, and no one should forego this harmless form of vanity, do they really wish to impress their contemporaries. About the illnesses—however slight—of any members of the Royal Family the patriotic Briton naturally takes a sempiternal interest, notwithstanding that a famous writer once boldly stated that the womenfolk of England must be in a parlous way if they required, in their own special papers, such a detailed account of the less important royal doings.



FROM THE PARADISE OF FASHION: PARISIAN EVES IN NEW CREATIONS.

The left-hand figure is wearing a gown of mauve mousseline-de-soie. The skirt is made of satin, opening at an angle down one side to show an insertion of Cluny lace. The same lace appears on the reverse side of the bodice. The middle figure wears a wedding-gown in ivory charmeuse. It has a draped tunic; the bodice is made over a tulle guimpe and finished round the neck with small oxydised silver roses. The veil of tulle is edged round with a flounce of lace. The right-hand figure shows an afternoon dress made of copper-coloured charmeuse. The skirt opens over an apron of mousseline, embroidered in a raised silk design. The bodice is draped and shows a tulle guimpe.

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on March 12.*

## THE OUTLOOK.

THE Bank Returns at present are very satisfactory, and the repayment of £3,400,000 Treasury Bills last week gave a welcome relief to the Money Market; but supplies are very scarce, and are likely to continue so for some time, owing to the ingathering of the taxes.

At the time of writing there is no change in the position between the coal-owners and the miners, and it is difficult to see exactly how a settlement is going to be effected in the short time that now remains before the notices expire. However, the Government have intervened at the eleventh hour, and will probably bring pressure to bear on one side—or on both, if they have the pluck—and it is to be hoped that some agreement will be reached by the time these lines appear; but we are not very sanguine.

In the face of the very serious outlook the calmness of the markets, both for Home Rails and those Industrials which are directly affected, has been rather remarkable. Whether it is a case of familiarity breeding contempt, or simply that values are considered to be low enough for all eventualities, it is difficult to determine; but, at all events, the absence of any sign of panic is very satisfactory, and augurs well for a speedy recovery when the horizon is clearer.

With the exception of Nigerian Tins, which have been fairly active, Mines have been decidedly weak, and the East Rand developments are not calculated to help the Kaffir Market.

Among miscellaneous issues there has not been much doing; Rubbers are quiet, but Oils have improved under the lead of Shells. Lobitos are higher at 21s., and, from what we hear, we are inclined to think there is still room for a rise.

## CANADA.

The recent weakness in Canadian Pacifics has been most marked, and it is a little disappointing after the great things that had been hoped last autumn. The selling has been largely from Berlin, but the prospect of large capital expenditure later in the year is the primary cause. The railways have failed to cope with the wheat traffic, and millions of bushels have been "held up" in the interior for lack of transport facilities. This has led to bitter complaints, and it now appears that the three great railways—Canadian Pacific, Grand Trunk, and the Canadian Northern—will have to spend ten millions on improvements during the summer. The traffic increase for the first week in February, however, was the largest ever known, and shows the development that the country is making.

During 1911 Canada enjoyed a period of great prosperity in nearly every department of trade, and capital was poured into the country. Over £36,000,000, exclusive of the amount placed privately, was lent by Great Britain; and in the last four years upwards of 160 millions of British capital has been placed in Canada, chiefly for railway construction.

Although some £8,400,000 has been offered for subscription since the beginning of the present year, a more cautious attitude has been apparent, and perhaps it is as well that there should be a breathing space. The recent Calgary issue was an excellent one, and was well received, but a more recent issue was much less attractive, and it is to be hoped that investors will show discrimination.

## RHODESIAN RAILWAYS.

A South African magnate was once asked whether he thought Rhodesian railways would ever pay. "Yes, certainly," he said, "when all the niggers take season tickets." Well, that was a long time ago, and the outlook since then has much improved, although dividends are still a long way off.

Some interesting figures are included in the recently issued Chartered report. The gross receipts of the Rhodesia and Mashonaland Railways have increased from £848,426 in 1908 to £1,735,570 in 1911, and the net receipts during the same period from £353,168 to £954,665. During the last year all classes of traffic, with the exception of construction material, showed improvement. Passenger revenue increased by £50,147, general goods by £351,714, and mineral traffic by £46,442. The new wharf at Beira will be completed in about a year, and should materially help both these railways.

There is, however, another side to the position, which was made very clear at the general meeting of the Rhodesian Railway Trust. The accumulated debit balance of the two railways amounts to over two millions, and a further large sum, which it is impossible to estimate at present, must be allowed for depreciation. It will thus be seen that any talk of dividends at present is premature, but it seems likely that these sums will be capitalised into some sort of new bond when the present annual Debenture charges can be regarded as permanently covered.

The railway from Katanga, through the Congo, to Lobito Bay

on the West Coast, must prove a serious competitor when it is completed, and must be allowed for in the investor's calculations.

## DE PROFUNDIS.

In the Kaffir Circus a good deal of discussion has been aroused by the statement at the recent meeting of the Wolhuter Company. Hitherto it had been supposed that the mine's life was about fifteen years, but the chairman said the other day that it was taken for Government purposes at 10.7 years. The latter estimate would err, if it erred at all, on the side of austerity, and we think those who buy Wolhuter at the present price may reckon with a fair amount of confidence upon their mine lasting for at all events twelve to fifteen years.

Chartered are out of favour, principally because nothing was said at the meeting the other day with reference to the splitting of the shares into Ordinary and Preference, which had been expected by some of the more ardent bulls. The Company, no doubt, will want more capital yet, and out of its nine million shares eight millions have been issued, while there is about £1,270,000 Debenture stock outstanding. Nothing is likely to be done in the direction of putting the capital on to a better basis until 1913 or 1914.

From what we have seen we should say that the man who buys El Oro shares and puts them away will do extremely well out of his purchase. The price has fallen from 19s. to 16s., but the astute buyers who are picking up the shares at the lower level have access to the best sources of information.

Barriers do not seem to make any headway against the public apathy that is such a characteristic of their market. All of them should be bought—Broken Hill Proprietary, Broken Hill North and South—for the dividends are excellent; and it stands to reason that, unless the base-metal market should suddenly collapse, the profits being made by these Broken Hill Companies are bound to attract public attention.

Shares of Tin Companies operating in other parts of the world are being searched after by those to whom Nigeria offers little attraction. A good example from the Straits Settlements is the Lahat, the price of the shares being about 1½, and 3s. per share having been paid in dividends last year. The market is a very steady one. There is little speculation, and for this reason, perhaps, they stand lower than they would do if there were greater activity in them.

What all the Tin Companies are looking for in Nigeria is the elusive lode. The Anglo-Continental is supposed to have got one; the Keffi is said to have another. If these lodes are of the value which anticipation puts upon them, the Companies owning them are indeed in clover. But the working costs in the Jungle are terrific, and though they are coming down as the railway gets further into the country, they are still sufficiently high to make any except the gambler pause.

## TWO TRUST COMPANIES.

The following note on two very prosperous Trust Companies was unavoidably omitted from the contribution of our valued correspondent "Q" last week, and as we have an inquiry from a correspondent as to the River Plate Trust, we think it is as well to give "Q's" views at as early a date as possible.

The report of the *Mercantile Investment and General Trust Company*, issued last week, shows that over 8 per cent. was earned on the Deferred stock, although only 5½ per cent. for the year is being distributed. The Deferred stock stands at 118-120, so that it returns less than 4½ per cent., which is a much lower rate than that to be obtained from some of the other similar Companies which have been recommended here. At the same time, the price is justified by the earnings and the value of the assets.

At the meeting of the *River Plate and General Investment Trust* it was hinted that an issue of Second Debenture stock may be made. This will, of course, be to the benefit of the fortunate holders of the Deferred stock of this Company, who are already receiving 10 per cent. per annum, and may confidently expect a higher rate in future years, while the price of their stock is about 188.

Saturday, Feb. 24, 1912.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.  
Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

TUM-TUM.—(1) The capital of the Anglo Ceylon Company is £250,000 in shares of £1 each and a Debenture debt of about £120,000, the bulk of it in 5 per cent. stock. (2) The price is 3½. (3) At the Company's office, 20, Eastcheap. Accounts are made up to March 31 and published in July.

TIN.—(1) The Company is well spoken of. If you want a bit of a gamble we hear Keffi Tin is the counter to use. (2) In view of the labour position and its past record we hesitate advising you to average in this Iron Company. (3) Mexican North Western bonds will yet bring you home and pay good interest in the meanwhile. We have every faith in it as a speculative investment.

C. S. P.—See this week's Notes.

RUBBER.—The Company you name does not appeal to us. Since Christmas we have recommended many Rubber concerns we like better—Sagga, Tebrau, Bukit Kajang, Anglo-Ceylon, and many others. We have sent you the name and address.

GREENFIELD.—According to the investment clause of your trust deed it is quite impossible to get more than 4 per cent for your money.



## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

### Trains Curtailed.

Ladies attending the forthcoming Courts will have to be more uniformly attired than has been the case for some time. Considerable liberty had been taken with the dress regulations for ladies, and orders giving definite instructions were issued last week from the Lord Chamberlain's Department. The train is to be three yards long from the shoulders, and is to be 54 inches wide at the hem. The back of the under-dress is to be not less than 15 inches on the floor, plumes are to be worn slightly to the left side of the coiffure, the centre one higher than those at either side. The veil must not be longer than 45 inches, and must fall clear from the base of the feathers. These plain instructions will make a great difference and keep dress at Court uniform in character, if not in colour. Some ladies had their trains four yards from the waist. Four yards from the shoulders was supposed to be regulation length. Feathers were worn as fancy dictated, and veils were draped round the hair and formed into cap effects. This must now be given up and the order from the Lord Chamberlain's Department strictly adhered to.

### The Mode in Hairdressing.

The smartest dress ever made fails to secure the right effect unless the coiffure be also smart. Fashion decrees that there shall be as constant change in dressing the hair as in dress. However little nature may have provided of the wherewithal to meet the constant demands for more hair, and that curled or waved, dear and charming ladies, let nothing you dismay: art has, so far as smart, up-to-date coiffures are concerned, outdone Nature. The



NOT IN TROUSERS! AN OPTICAL ILLUSION DUE TO THE NARROW SKIRT.

As our photograph shows, the custom of making companions of dogs is as popular with the fashionable women of Paris as with those of London.

Photograph by Hutin.

Crusaders are those who fight not to win the Sacred City from the Saracens but to save their fellows from pain, disease, and it may be, death. All through the districts of our own amazing city, and through the counties and their sub-divisions, women are undergoing Red Cross training to give first aid to the injured, to nurse at home or in the field, to act in concert in voluntary aid detachments. They are working steadily, quietly, and perseveringly, and learning other things—discipline, punctuality, and co-operation, as well as to be useful in the new crusade. Were war to come upon us suddenly, thousands of women would want to help and would be well able to do so if properly organised. Those who have undergone Red Cross training would know something on this subject also. The Japanese ladies were ready, and now British ladies are training in order that the little Easterns may not be too great a reproach to them. At a recent display of Red Cross work by ladies in Chelsea, the General Officer said their voluntary aid work was as good as that of medical students. This was worth working for!

### Like the Athenians.

We are always looking for something new. Iroma is a new perfume produced by the Crown Perfumery Company. It has the rare aroma of an old English garden on a summer evening after a shower, and is sure of favour. It is lasting and haunting and, in respect of quality, is all that can be desired. Already the Company have received numerous and large orders for it.

### All the Advantages of Town.

No need, nowadays, to fear discomfort when living in the country. It is to such a firm as Messrs. Tredegar, 56, Victoria Street, Westminster, that a perfection of lighting and heating is due in country houses, large or small. They supply an effective electric generating set of a simplicity and excellence in working that need



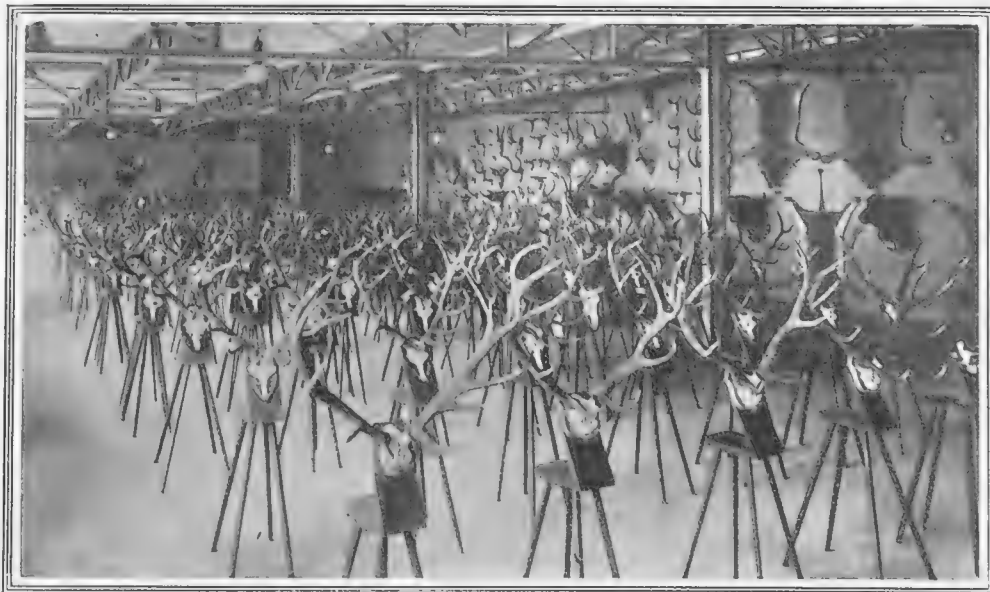
THE ISLAND HOME OF A WELL-KNOWN LADY M.F.H. AND BREEDER OF SHETLANDS; SOME OF MRS. HOBART'S PONIES IN THE Paddock, AND A MEET OF HER PACK OUTSIDE HER HOME, STANDEN HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

Mrs. Hobart, of Standen House, Newport, Isle of Wight, is well known both as M.F.H. and breeder of Shetland ponies. Among the latter, Aileen took a first prize at Romsey last year and third at Islington; King Haakon has won three first prizes and a championship, and Osmunda has won over fifteen prizes in hand and in harness. Other successful ponies of hers are Dazzler, Bayardo, and Granite.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

International Hair Company, 9, Newman Street, Oxford Street, W., and 43, Brompton Road, the largest actual manufacturers in the kingdom, where only lady experts are employed, can provide transformations of natural and beautiful hair that will meet the demands of any vogue in dressing, and will keep waved or curled. From 10s. 6d. to 30s. every kind of transformation is supplied. The catalogue of the Company is well worth writing for. Every style is exemplified.

### The New "Crusades."

These modern days bring no great changes. The new Red Cross



LIKE A NOAH'S-ARK DEER PARK: EXHIBITS AT THE GERMAN ANTLER EXHIBITION IN BERLIN. The photograph shows a view in one of the halls at the Zoological Gardens, Berlin, on the occasion of the thirteenth German Antler Exhibition. The wooden quadrupeds to which the antlers are attached rather suggest animals from a child's Noah's Ark.—[Photograph by Scherl.]

to be seen to be believed. The systems of this firm are in use in some of the most famous residences in the country, and can be installed with perfect safety in the oldest houses. They will provide light and heat for the house, and power to work laundry, stable, and other domestic machinery. For those who prefer a gas illuminant, there are effective acetylene and petrol gas appliances which are installed at moderate cost, and are worked very simply. The firm sends a competent engineer to instruct the gardener, chauffeur, or coachman in the management of the engine.

## THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

A QUAIN week at the theatres, with booing and other ugly sounds at two first nights; and it may very well be that those who behaved unpleasantly at "The 'Mind-the-Paint' Girl" were the very people who applauded "Dear Old Charlie." Fancy a new Pinero play being jeered at! It seems almost unthinkable, and yet patrons of musical comedy are numerous, and even if Lily Parradell is an amiable, honest young woman with lady-like feelings, the picture of the Pandora girls and "boys" is not a pretty one, and the obvious suggestion was, that, though it is possible for a leading lady in the musical-comedy world to be an admirable creature, most of the inhabitants are contemptible in one way or another. The picture is interesting, whether you are for or against the Pandora, but the actual drama is a little bit on the dull side. There are some brilliant sketches of people, real people, hanging about the Pandora world, and there are wonderful frocks for the ladies to look at, and when you have grown a little tired of the moving pictures of the Pandora girls and their parasites, there is quite an affecting drama, a trifle melodramatic, perhaps, ending with the merry tinkle of wedding-bells. The performance could hardly be judged on the first night, because of the manifestly adverse influence of the booing on the leading players. Still, it was obvious that the acting was much too slow and full of pauses. By now, Miss Marie Löhr, who acted charmingly as Lily, will have gained confidence, and Mr. Allan Aynesworth, who was quite impressive at times, will be quicker and less gloomy. Even as matters stood, Mr. Vernon Steel was excellent, and one may fairly ladle out praise to Miss Gwendolen Brogden, Miss Claire Greet, Miss Ruth Mackay, and Messrs. Nigel Playfair, Frank Denton, and Dion Boucicault.

There was a crowded house to see the revival of "Trilby," and whilst the old birds wondered why it ever had such a long run, the youngest generation seemed to be caught by its curious charm. The Svengali, quite the cleverest of Sir Herbert's weird character-studies, thrilled the house, although there were moments when the actor seemed to play it rather carelessly. The chief curiosity was to see the new leading lady in Miss Dorothea Baird's old part, and some vowed that Miss Phyllis Neilson Terry was far better, and some stuck to their old love. All agreed that the singing of Miss Phyllis was delightful, and her acting in the pathetic scenes moved most of the house greatly. Nobody pretends that "Trilby" is a great play, and probably the time will come when the curious will even inquire why soft felt hats bear the name of "Trilby." But the

piece is only on for three weeks, and it is not unlikely that it will not be revived again, so every playgoer who has any respect for his record must hasten to His Majesty's.

The entertainment at the Savoy is not to be missed, if merely on account of Miss Ellen Terry's fascinating lecture, illustrated by her own acting, upon some of the heroines of Shakespeare's plays. Rather curious, by-the-way, that she does not include the Rosalind that she always longed to play—the most delightful heroine of them all. There are other interesting elements, such as Mr. George Gloriel's clever, amusing play called, "The House," in which Mr. Albert Chevalier acts wonderfully as the old pauper who nearly dies of grief when sent to the workhouse, only to discover that life in it is a hundred times better than existence outside. Also he appears in Mr. Barrie's quaintly pathetic piece called "Pantaloone," and acts very finely.

Those who are prepared to think in the theatre will go to the Royalty matinées of Mr. Macdonald Hastings' play, "The New Sin." It may puzzle at times, and it is curiously uneven both in its form and its ideas; but it has humour, grip, and power, and it talks of the problems of life, saying things well that are worth saying, and putting them at times with quite wonderful dramatic effect. No frocks are to be seen, for there is not a woman in the cast; but for fine character-acting and genuine emotion there could hardly be anything better than the performances of Mr. Arthur Wontner, Mr. O. P. Heggie, Mr. Poulton, and Mr. Guy Rathbone; while the absence of the feminine element is compensated for by a charming little study of convent life, called, "The Dove Uncaged," by Miss E. Hamilton Moore, in which Miss Marion Terry is a joy.

One of the most interesting events of the golfing world is the *Lady's Pictorial* Golf Competition, held under the rules and management of the Ladies' Golf Union. Prizes will be given to the total value of £200. Qualifying score competitions in various districts of the British Isles will be played on the Starbeck (Harrogate), New Zealand (Byfleet), North Middlesex, Burnham (Somerset), Handsworth, Llossiemouth, St. Andrews, Western Gales, Portrush and Llandrindod courses. The two best scratch scores, the two best scores from scratch to 12, and the two best from 13 to 25, from each division will qualify to play in the final Match Play Tournament at Stoke Poges on June 26 and 27. The winner in each of the three classes will receive a cup, and the runner-up a small replica. Special entry forms, and particulars of dates, etc., may be obtained of the Competition Manager, *Lady's Pictorial*, 172, Strand, W.C. Entries close ten days before the date of each qualifying competition.



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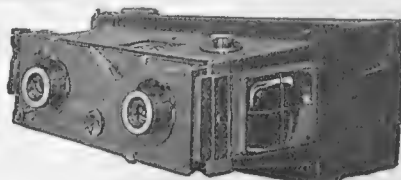
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## CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Rinkers at Holland Park; Miss Gladys Cooper; Boys and Girls Enjoying a Snow and Sun "Cure"; Princess Patricia of Connaught; Miss Sarah Brooke in "The Easiest Way,"; "The Easiest Way," at the Globe; "Everybody's Doing It," at the Empire; Costumes which Might Well be Worn at the Chelsea Arts Club Ball; "The Dust of Egypt," at Wyndham's.

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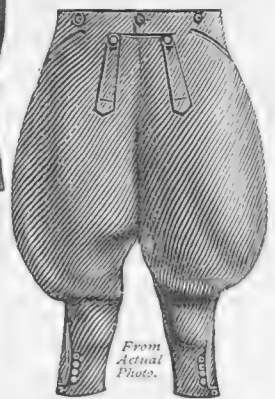
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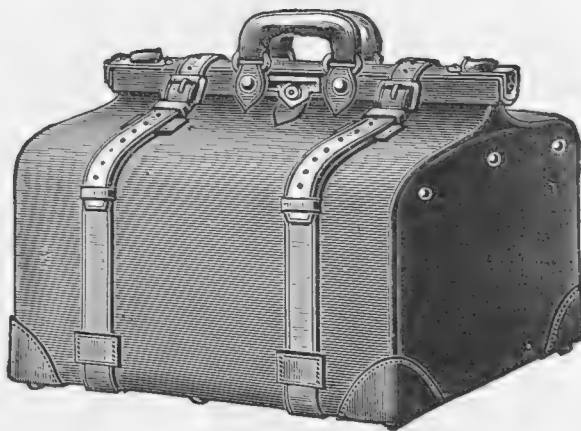
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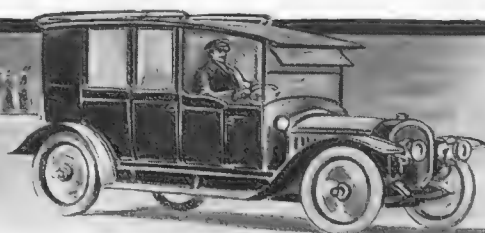


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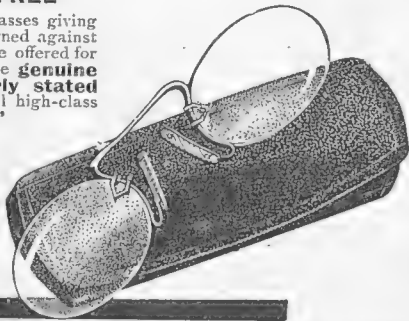
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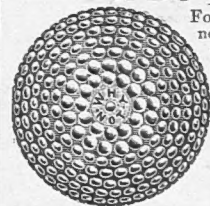
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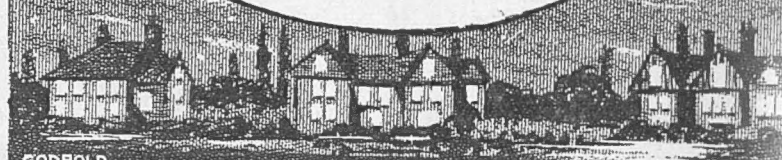
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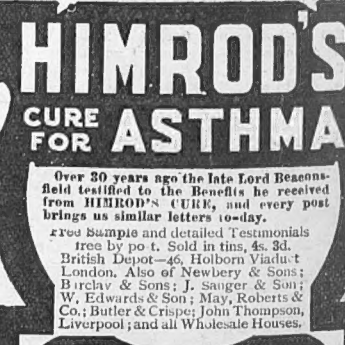
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